TWO

NOVELS.

In LETTERS.

By the Authors of

HENRY and FRANCES.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

Hi narrata ferunt aliò: menſuraque ficti
Creſcit; et auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor.
Ovid. Met.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

DUBLIN:

Printed for P. Wilson, J. Exshaw, H. Saunders, W. Sleater, D. Chamberlaine, J. Potts, J. Hoey, and J. Williams.

MDCCLXIX.

#56-59 - Vol. 2

THE

GORDIAN KNOT:

OR,

DIGNUS VINDICE NODUS.

A NOVEL.

In LETTERS.

BY HENRY.

PART I.

Tum in omnibus et opinionibus, et factis, ne quid libidinosè, aut faciat, aut cogitet. Quibus ex rebus conflatur, et efficitur id, quod quærimus, honestum.

CIC. DE OFFICIIS.

PREFACE.

IT has always been a rule with me, never to offer any thing, as my own opinion, that I can be able to quote, from the better authority of any other writer; ſo that if I had not the good fortune of having been bleſſed with the gift of a bad memory, I had read enough to render me incapable of publiſhing one original line; conſequently, all my works would have been but tranſcriptions from thoſe *damned anticipaters, the antients*, as Swift humorouſly ſtiles them *.

UPON this principle, then, when I ſat down to frame a preface to theſe volumes, and had revolved a number of philoſophic thoughts in my mind, not only to defend, but juſtify and recommend alſo, the uſes and advantages of fictitious compoſitions, relative to the manners, morals, and characters of mankind; and juſt as I was taking

* Paſquier, a French poet, who wrote a number of Latin Epigrams, that were much eſteemed, cloſes one of them thus:

——— Dii malé perdant
Antiquos, mea qui *præripuere* mihi.

up the pen, to digeſt my ſentiments upon this ſubject into form and method, I happened, moſt luckily for my readers, to recollect that the ſame topic had been better handled before, by an ingenious writer, Henry Home, lord Kaims, in his *Elements of Criticiſm*; ſo referring you to him, I ſhall, with becoming modeſty, for the preſent, withdraw.

CHAPTER II. Sect. IV. Part I.

Of Emotions, cauſed by Fiction.

Laſt Paragraph.

"FOR accompliſhing the taſk, under-
"taken in the beginning of the preſent ſec-
"tion, what only remains is, to ſhew the
"*final cauſe* of the power that fiction hath
"over the mind of man. I have already
"mentioned that language, by the means
"of fiction, hath the command of our ſym-
"pathy for the good of others. By the ſame
"means our ſympathy may be alſo raiſed
"for our own good.

"IN a former ſection it hath been ob-
"ſerved, that examples, both of virtue and
"of vice, raiſe virtuous emotions; which,
"becoming ſtronger by exerciſe, tend to
"render us virtuous by habit, as well as by
"principle — I now further obſerve, that
"examples drawn from real events are not

"ſo

" ſo frequent as to contribute much toward
" an habit of virtue. If they be, they are
" not ſufficiently recorded by hiſtorians. It
" therefore ſhews great wiſdom in Provi-
" dence, to form us in ſuch a manner, as to
" be ſuſceptible of the ſame improvement
" from fable, that we can receive from ge-
" nuine hiſtory.

" By this admirable contrivance, exam
" ples toward our improvement in virtue
" may be multiplied without end. No other
" ſort of diſcipline contributes more toward
" rendering virtue habitual, and no other
" ſort is, likewiſe, ſo agreeable in the appli-
" cation.

" I shall add, too, another *final cauſe*,
" with thorough ſatisfaction; becauſe it
" ſhews that the Author of our nature is not
" leſs kindly provident for the happineſs of
" his creatures, than for the regularity of
" their conduct, which tends finally to the
" ſame great end. The power that fiction
" hath over the human mind, is the ſource
" of an endleſs variety of refined amuſe-
" ment; always ready to occupy each va-
" cant hour. Such amuſement is a fine re-
" ſource in ſolitude, and, by ſweetening the
" temper, improves ſociety."

AND again, the ſame author.

PART VI.

Of the reſemblance which emotions bear to their cauſes.

Paragraph V.

" IT hath already been remarked, that " any ſignal inſtance of gratitude, beſides " procuring eſteem for the author, raiſeth " in the ſpectator or reader a vague emo- " tion of gratitude, which diſpoſeth him to " be grateful. I now further remark, that " this very emotion, being of the ſame kind " with what produced the grateful action, " hath a ſtrong reſemblance to its cauſe. " Courage exerted inſpires the reader, as " well as the ſpectator, with a like emotion " of courage. A juſt action fortifies our " love of juſtice, and a generous one rouſes " our generoſity.

" IN ſhort, with regard to all virtuous " actions, it will be found by induction that " they lead us to imitation, by inſpiring " emotions reſembling the paſſions that pro- " duced them. And hence the benefit of " dealing in choice books and in ſelect com- " pany."

I SHALL ſupply my readers with one quotation more, from the learned and ingenious doctor

doctor *Cohauſen*, who, in his very entertaining work ſtiled *Hermippus Redivivus*, ſpeaks as follows:

" TALES, in which a vivacity of imagi-
" nation appears, with here and there a ray
" of ſound judgment, ſuit beſt with tender
" minds; and eſpecially with feminine un-
" derſtandings. Women are remarkably
" governed by example, or, to make uſe of
" a modern phraſe, by the faſhion *. Why
" therefore ſhould they not be inſtructed
" by example?

" THERE is leſs difference than moſt
" people imagine between real and feigned
" ſtories. They may be compared to mor-
" ning and evening ſhadows; the one is the
" faint picture of what has paſſed; the o-
" ther a lively repreſentation of what may
" poſſibly come to paſs. In all other re-
" ſpects they are perfectly alike. The
" ſtory of Alexander and Roxana is, now,
" as much a dream as any of the Perſian
" Tales.

" ONE great advantage that ideal ſtories
" have over relations grounded upon facts
" is, that we may contrive them ſo as to
" avoid all manner of improper circum-

* Or a ſtill more modern one, *Le bon ton.*

" ſtances, which cannot frequently be diſ-
' penſed with in reſpect to the latter, but
" at the expence of truth."

To theſe authorities I ſhall only add one reflection of my own, which is, that Biography, whether real or feigned, operates by example more than by precept; which, to a proverb, is the moſt effectual manner of recommending advice. And the reaſon of it is, that the latter dogmatiſes, and the teacher pretends to be our ſuperior: this piques our pride. But in the other method, thoſe ſentiments of approbation or diſguſt which the characters or circumſtances of the ſtory naturally ſtir up in our minds, ſeem to ariſe merely from our own reflection, and we feel as if we were inſtructing ourſelves. This, by flattering our vanity, conduces to our reformation.

Diſcit enim citiùs, meminitque volentiùs. Hor.

I SHALL detain you only for one paragraph more; and this may perhaps incite ſome, but diſcourage more readers; which is to aſſure you, agreeably to the motto I have prefixed to this volume, that no looſe expreſſion, no obſcene amour, is to be met with throughout the following ſheets—— They are the *marriage ſheets* only. Thoſe who

who would *entertain* the public, ought not to treat them with *chafed meats*.

I SHALL now conclude with two lines prefixed to a collection of Latin poems, written by one Owen, a Welch poet.

Qui legis iſta, tuam reprehendo, ſi mea laudas
Omnia, ſtultitiam—Si nihil, invidiam.

Farewel.

HENRY.

Adver-

Advertiſement to the Reader.

MOnſieur Dermont begs leave, through me, to intreat the favour of my readers, not to be too flippant in making applications of the few characters and ſtrictures which I have here repeated from his lips. Such conſtructions are generally unjuſt, and always malicious.

FEATURES that are drawn from nature muſt unavoidably have many reſemblances in real life; and twenty different readers may, perhaps, at the ſame inſtant of time, be pointing to as many ſeveral originals of the ſame portrait.

MONSIEUR Dermont ſaid very juſtly to me one day, as we happened to be converſing together upon this very ſubject; that *a cutler ſhould not be deemed guilty of murder, for having ground a dagger; but he only, who directed its point.*

THE

THE GORDIAN KNOT.

LETTER I.

Mr. HARSTONGE, *To Mr.* BRUMPTON.

MY dear, fortunate, but unhappy friend! it is lucky to ſave one's own life, but miſerable to take even that of our adverſary. The world is a ſavage tyrant, and forces us, often, to turn gladiators, to indulge its own ferocity. A man has uſed us ill, and we immediately invite him to cut our throats. What madneſs and abſurdity are we not liable to fall into, when we depart, one line, beyond the chriſtian ſyſtem of morals?

I THINK it neceſſary to keep out of the way, till I know whether Sir William is to die, or recover. It will be enough for me to ſurrender myſelf, when I am to take my trial along with you. I hate aſking favours; beſides, there is but one perſon in your ſhire, I could think of pledging as my bondſman; and I leave him for your uſe, if, as you hinted, at parting, there are reaſons of a delicate nature, which require your remaining in the country, at this time.

I DID not aſk you the cauſe of quarrel, when you ſent me with the challenge, and my retreat was ſo precipitate, after the action, that I had no leiſure to inquire about it, then. I did, indeed, at firſt ſuppoſe, that it might have been ſome one or other of the *world's punctilios*, and ſhould, therefore, at preſent, have

have very little curioſity about the matter, if the ſpirit, and ſeverity of your expreſſion, upon Sir William's falling, had not marked the offence to have been ſomething of a much higher nature. I ſhall never forget your words, nor look, at the ſame time. "Thy ſins be forgiven thee, in the next world; "but may ſuch unmanly vices never meet with leſs "juſtice, in this."

HOWEVER, I preſs you not. There may be certain delicacies, perhaps, or ſecret reaſons, for your not communicating the ſtory; and, I promiſe you, that no ſort of jealouſy, ſhall ariſe in my mind, upon your ſilence. As to the reſt, all I am ſorry for, is, that your conqueſt was not purchaſed, with leſs blood; for I would not have *the gods abſolved* *, at poor Sir William's coſt. And as to my having been a party upon that occaſion, it is rather a ſatisfaction to me, than otherwiſe; for when a friend happens to fall into any misfortune, methinks it is ſome pleaſure to be allowed to ſhare the difficulty with him.

I SENT off the ſurgeon, expreſs, as you deſired, and am impatient to hear from you. I remain *incog.* at Mr. Empſon's, and ſhall not appear abroad, till I receive your letter. Adieu,

EDWARD HARSTONGE.

* *Abſolvitque deos.* CLAUDIAN.

LETTER II.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Mr.* HARSTONGE.

My Friend!

THE laſt ſentiment of your letter, gives you full right to *that title*; and for this reaſon, it gives me a double concern, that you ſhould be involved

volved in any manner of difficulty, on my account; for the only conſolation, in diſtreſs, I think, muſt be to bear it alone.

Your obſervation upon duelling, is very juſt. The laws that our legiſlators frame for us, are mild, equal, proportionate to the offence, and the criminal, only, ſuffers; but thoſe we impoſe on ourſelves, are tyrannical, inadequate, and oblige us often to forfeit our own lives, for another's guilt.

And yet, as human nature is conſtituted, I don't know how this *peculiar mode of juſtice*, can be well avoided, without the ſufferance of greater evils; for there are ſome tempers, ſo inſolent, and many vices left ſo unprovided againſt, by the laws, that nothing, but the apprehenſion of a reſentment of this kind, could poſſibly reſtrain within the bound of civil ſociety.

I do not pretend to ſay, that this apology ſufficiently juſtifies the thing; but I ſhould hope that it may, in ſome meaſure, excuſe the cuſtom. Or let this reaſoning paſs, if you pleaſe, for no more than the uſual tendency of man, to palliate any fault they have been themſelves guilty of; for I inſiſt upon it no farther, myſelf.

With regard to the ſubject of quarrel, between Sir William and me, I ſhall uſe the indulgence which your friendſhip has been ſo generous to allow me, by keeping that article ſtill a ſecret from you. Were I the only perſon concerned in it, I ſhould not have heſitated, a moment, to have informed you of it, when I deſired you to carry the meſſage; and, indeed, in common decency, I ſhould certainly have done ſo; but your own promptneſs, joined to your confidence in my honour, ſaved me from an embarraſſment, upon that occaſion.

Sir William's life, I am ſorry to tell you, is deſpaired of, by his ſurgeons. I ſhould have begun my letter, with this article, as it is the moſt material part of it, to you; but ill news can never come too late. I have already entered into a recognizance, and

have

have a courier prepared to diſpatch to you, if Sir William ſhould die. *Brumpton loves you.*

Adieu,

RICHARD BRUMPTON.

LETTER III.

Mr. HARSTONGE, *To Mr.* BRUMPTON.

I AM extremely concerned, for the unhappy ſituation of our affairs. Indeed I am ſorry for Sir William, too, let his offence be what it may; for as there muſt certainly have been ſome matter of gallantry, in this myſtery, you know the old maxim,

Dolus, an virtus, quis in hoſte requirat?

And I would have all brave men live, and be friends again.

YOU may diſcharge your courier, for the ordinary courſe of the *poſts*, or rather the *pacquets*, will ſerve me, now, as your next letter will find me, at *Aix-la-Chapelle*. Sir Thomas Medway goes off thither to-morrow. He happened to call here this morning, to take leave of his old friend, Mr. Empſon. I told him of the duel, and offered to accompany him abroad; for every place is an idle man's, as well as an honeſt man's home.

HE ſeemed to be rejoiced at my offer; and it muſt really be a very agreeable incident to him. He is in a wretched ſtate of health, and will want both care attendance, and ſociety. I have been told, that the offices of humanity are a pleaſant exerciſe of the mind; but I never believed it, becauſe I have known ſo few people fond of the occupation. I ſhall take this opportunity of trying them myſelf.

POOR, old, young man! threeſcore at ſeven and twenty. He was never the *maſter* of his own revels, but ever the *ſlave* of them. Juſt ſo, thoſe fine young fellows, Thompſon, Weldon, and ſeveral other of our

our co-temporary geniuſes, have played *Scotch-up* with life, and gone off, with an hop, ſtep and jump, into their graves; and juſt ſo alſo, ſhould I have probably done, myſelf too, if the ſhock I received from poor Thompſon's death, had not laid me immediately under an arreſt. Upon my converſion, I turned preacher, and have actually wrought a conſiderable reformation among my friends, by the virtue of this ſingle text, *Never take more of pleaſure, than is pleaſant to you.*

If I meet with any thing worth communicating to you, on my travels, you ſhall hear from me. All the beautiful views you may depend upon: not in deſcription, but drawings; for I think landſcapes are fitter ſubjects for the pencil, than the pen. *Harſtonge is even with you* *. Adieu.

E. H.

* See the laſt expreſſion of laſt letter.

LETTER IV.

Mr. Brumpton, *To Mr.* Harstonge.

Dear Harstonge,

SIR William died this morning! and I am extremely wretched. His death alone, would have been ſufficient to have cancelled my enmity; but his behaviour, in his laſt moments, has conciliated my friendſhip and eſteem. I ſat up with him all laſt night; it was his own requeſt. What a night was it to me! may you never have ſuch a ſad office of humanity, to perform! It would confirm the opinion you expreſs, in your laſt letter.

I am now left at liberty, to let you into the ſecret of our quarrel; not by Sir William's death, but the permiſſion of the principal party concerned. I purpoſed to have done ſo, when I ſat down to write, but I cannot compaſs it at preſent. I cannot bring myſelf, ſo ſoon, to enter into a detail, which muſt

muſt injure Sir William's memory; nor ſhould I ever be brought to do it, at any time, but in order to juſtify the living, without any other injury to the dead, than what has ariſen from the ſtory itſelf, which has already tranſpired.

WHAT a world is this? made up of deaths, diſappointments, and diſguſts! and yet, ſuch madmen are we, that our ſole anxiety is for this, regardleſs of the next! O! my friend! I know you will—let virtue be your only care;—even libertines might be good, if folly, more than vice, did not lead them aſtray. For the moſt ſenſual enjoyments are within the verge of purity; and refinement adds a zeſt to pleaſure, unknown to licentiouſneſs.

ADIEU!—I ſhall now lay myſelf down to reſt, though without hope of ſleep. I would take laudanum, but that I chuſe always to give nature fair play. If I can compoſe myſelf ſufficiently by next pacquet, you ſhall then hear further, from

Your affectionate, and afflicted friend,

R. B.

LETTER V.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Mr.* HARSTONGE.

Dear HARSTONGE,

I AM now ſet down to fulfil my engagements to you; but yet I cannot ſatisfy your curioſity, ſo ſoon as you might reaſonably expect; for the perſon, whoſe permiſſion I have obtained, for communicating the ſtory to you, has granted it, upon this condition alone, that I ſhall give you a minute detail of it, from firſt to laſt. By which ſhe imagines, and perhaps juſtly too, that her character may be better vindicated, than by a ſummary of the whole. I obey, and you'll attend, with patience.

The Memoir of Mr. BRUMPTON.

SOON after you and I had parted at college, I became of age; and came down here, lately, to my family

family ſeat, to take poſſeſſion of my eſtate, in this county. I had never been at this place ſince my father's death, who died when I was but ſeven years old; as the houſe and demeſne had been lett by my guardian, during my minority. Conſequently, I returned a perfect ſtranger, to the place of my nativity.

It was the latter end of July, the weather was fine, and the evening of my arrival, I walked about my lands, amuſing myſelf with a recollection of my ſeptennial childhood; that at this brook I had ſwam on bulruſhes, up that tree I had climbed for an Heron's neſt; with a number of other ſchool-boy darings, which make it ſurpriſing that there ſhould ever be ſo many men in the world.

When I had tired myſelf with walking about my grounds, I turned homewards; and finding the back door of the garden open, I went in to refreſh myſelf with ſome fruits. There ſeemed to be ſeveral alterations made there, ſince I ſaw it laſt, which ſhewed my late tenant to have been an improving one. There was, particularly, a large mount, raiſed in the middle of the garden, upon which was built a very handſome Chineſe pavilion.

All on a ſudden, my ears were alarmed with the ſound of muſic, the ſweeteſt and ſofteſt I had ever heard. The notes would ſometimes ſwell, as if the harmony was near, then die away upon the trembling air, like diſtant echos of themſelves. I fancied I ſtood upon enchanted ground; but concluding the tones to iſſue from the pavilion, I walked immediately up to it, by that part of the ſlope that was neareſt to me, which led to one of the windows, through which I looked into the room, and perceived a lady ſitting, and leaning half reclined upon a couch, ſinging and playing on a lute.

What ſhould make my heart cut a caper at that inſtant?—*An adventure, by the Bona dea—all game, within one's own purlieus, is lawful quarry;—but do not the laws of hoſpitality defend?* &c. Such was my ſoliloquy. She did not ſeem to obſerve me, and I walked round to the door, which I found open.

As

As ſoon as I entered the room, ſhe threw the inſtrument out of her hand, upon the couch, and aroſe to receive me, advancing with a briſk motion, and a lively air, ſaying, "You are moſt welcome, Sir; I "have been expecting you with the utmoſt impa- "tience theſe—" but upon opening her arms to embrace me, ſhe ſtarted ſuddenly, and would have retired back, if I had not already claſped her in mine;—ſhe ſtruggled, and I immediately releaſed her.

SIR, ſaid ſhe, who are you, and how came you hither, without acquaintance, or introduction? Madam, I replied, if you were not ſo extremely welcome to the poſſeſſion you ſeem to have already taken here, I might, if politeneſs would admit it, rather object the very ſame queſtion to you, which you now propoſe to me.

DEAR Sir, replied ſhe with ſome emotion, there is perplexity enough already in my ſituation; it is cruel to encreaſe it. Therefore, as you appear to be a gentleman, I intreat the favour of a more literal anſwer. Then, Madam, ſaid I, my name is Brumpton, and I am come hither, by virtue of that right, which every Engliſhman enjoys in his own property.

SIR, replied the lady, my ſurprize and apprehenſions are now at an end; but, I believe, that I ſhall return the compliment to you fully, by acquainting you, that you happen to have no manner of property in any part of this eſtate. I cannot afford leiſure for an *eclairciſſement* at preſent; and as any further conference in this place would be not only improper, but dangerous, I muſt now become a ſuitor to your good breeding, by deſiring the favour of you to retire, immediately, through the ſame avenues you have wandered hither; and if ever we may chance to meet any where again, ſaid ſhe, I ſhall do you the juſtice to tell you, Sir, that I am obliged to you.

I BOWED, took the liberty of kiſſing her hand, and retreated through the poſtern gate, full of doubt, alarm, and amazement, to ſeek my way through a duſky evening, and gloomy groves, to Caſtle Brumpton,

ton, in apprehenſion of finding an ejectment for my whole eſtate, lying on my table, at my return.

My paper is at an end, and the poſt-horn ſounds an alarm. Adieu. R. B.

LETTER VI.

Mr. Harstonge, *To Mr.* Brumpton.

Aix-la-Chapelle.

We arrived here laſt night, without any manner of incident or adventure, either to diſtreſs or entertain us. Sir Thomas has been very ill, during our journey, which has rendered it both dull and tedious. I never left him for a moment to amuſe myſelf, or gratify my curioſity, in any of the towns we paſſed through; and I may probably return back to England, like moſt of our *travelled gentry*, without any other itinerant knowledge, than merely what relates to the inns, poſts, and roads.

However, I do not mention this with regret, I aſſure you; for I declare, that I find the tender *offices of humanity*, a much pleaſanter exerciſe of the mind, than the mere indulgence of an uſeleſs curioſity, however dignified by the proſtituted title of *Virtù*. But I'll tell you a difficulty, which has objected itſelf to my mind, upon this point, which prevents me from feeling myſelf thoroughly, nay even morally ſatisfied, with this ſame pleaſure.

I do not think it quite pure enough: I am ſorry to feel myſelf ſenſible of a ſuperiority in the act; and the pleaſure, perhaps only my own pleaſure, ſeems to ariſe rather from an arrogant idea of conferring a favour, than the humble ſenſation of receiving one. If this be human nature, we muſt compound for it; but I ſhould deteſt myſelf, if I thought that a ſentiment, at once ſo proud and mean, was peculiar to me.

If, then, there ſhall be found ſuch an alloy, in the refined intercourſes of friendſhip, I ſhall begin to ſuſpect

ſuſpect the *ideal* notions of virtue, in *Shafteſbury*, *Chubb*, and other *ſpecious* writers, upon *natural taſte*, and *moral intellect*, to be but mere *knight errantry* in ethics; and that the orthodox doctrine, of *ſelf-love*, under the guidance of reaſon and religion, being the ruling principle of human nature, muſt be the only philoſophy to reſt upon.

I HAVE received a letter from you this morning, with the commencement of your *nouvellette*; which opens with ſuch a viſionary ſcene, that I almoſt expected you would have cloſed it with theſe words—"But behold, when I awaked, I found it all a "dream." However, it begins ſo romantically, that I ſhould have expected vaſt entertainment from the ſtory, if the too well known cataſtrophe had not damped my ſpirits about it. I could wiſh, therefore, that you were left at liberty to report this memoir, more ſuccinctly.—But *you'll obey, and I'll attend, though not with patience* *.

SIR Thomas ſends his affectionate compliments to you; and you'll pleaſe to preſent my reſpects to the fair *incognita*, for whom I begin already to feel myſelf much intereſted.

Adieu. E. H.

* See the cloſe of par. 1. laſt letter.

LETTER VII.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Mr.* HARSTONGE.

(Continuation of the Memoir.)

WHEN I had got *home*, if I could then have ventured to call it ſo, I ſent for my ſteward, to give me ſome ſolution of this extraordinary riddle.—I repeated to him my unaccountable adventure in the garden, in as few words as I could, and then deſired him to explain the myſtery of it to me.

"WERE it becoming in me, Sir," replied he, ſmiling, "to be jocular with you, in a matter that "you appear to be ſerious about, I could make

"ſome

" ſome ſport for myſelf a while, by keeping up the " ſuſpenſe of this affair a little longer.—But the re- " ality of the ſtory is this:

" The lady told you truth, indeed, that the ground " you ſtood upon, at that time, was none of yours; " but then again, to qualify your alarm on this oc- " caſion, though it may ſtill increaſe your ſurprize, " know alſo, that you were not then in your own " garden, as you imagined yourſelf to be." I liſten- ed to him, without interruption, while he thus went on.

" You left this country too young, ſaid he, to " know any thing about the circumſtances of your " own eſtate. The land you ſtood then upon is " *glebe*; it belongs to the rector of this pariſh, and " lies juſt on the eaſt-ſide of your own garden wall. " It was uſually occupied as common paſture, along " with this demeſne, by your anceſtors, who paid " a rent to the parſon for it, till the death of the " laſt incumbent; when the patron of that living " preferred his ſon's tutor to the cure, about ten " years ago, with an injunction to build, improve, " and reſide upon the glebe, inſtead of hiring lodg- " ings in the village, as the former rectors had al- " ways done before.

" Mr. Dixon, ſaid he, performed the articles of " his agreement punctually, and died about two " months paſt, lamented by his whole pariſh. He " was a gentleman of an extreme good character, " both for charity and learning. He had loſt his wife " early; but inſtead of ſupplying her place with any " ſecond adventure, he wedded himſelf to his only " child, the young lady now in queſtion; and di- " vided his whole time and attention between the " duties of his paſtoral and paternal care, in the vi- " ſiting, comforting, and exhorting his flock, and " the employments of improving his daughter's mind " and underſtanding.

" The living has not ſince been diſpoſed of, con- " tinued he, and Miſs Dixon remains ſtill tenant to " the glebe, without any other fortune, as I have

" been

" been informed, than what inconſiderable effects " her father had left her on the premiſes. An an- " cient maiden aunt has come to reſide with her, " ſince the death of Mr. Dixon; and this is all I " know, concluded he, either of the lady or her " circumſtances."

My dear friend, I am juſt ſummoned to attend poor Sir William's funeral, where I am to appear as a double mourner, both as an executioner, and an heir! This laſt particular I ſhall not explain to you at preſent; it will follow in the courſe of the memoir I am engaged in.

Adieu. R. B.

LETTER VIII.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Mr.* HARSTONGE.

(The Memoir continued)

THE evening had been far ſpent at the time of my *rencontre* with Miſs Dixon, and the action was ſo ſhort, that all I was able to judge of her was, that ſhe was young, tall, her hand ſoft, and that her face and perſon ſeemed to be agreeable enough all together; but whether ſhe was ſtrait, well made, black, brown, or fair, I could not determine at that time; nor could I have been able to have pointed her out the moment after in a mixed aſſembly, from any idea I had conceived of her *toute enſemble*.

AND yet—what art thou, man! whether, like a *knight errant*, inſpired by the novel of my adventure, or, like a blind man, enamoured by the touch, I became inſtantly ſuſceptible of a paſſion for a woman I had never converſed with, and for beauties that I had never had an opportunity of diſtinguiſhing.

I PASSED that night in ſome uneaſineſs, reſolving the next day to pay a viſit to my *ſuppoſed fair incognita*, in order to inquire into the foundation of paſſion which had, at that time, more of romance than reaſon in it.

How-

HOWEVER, upon cooler reflection in the morning, I laid aſide my too gallant and precipitate purpoſe, leſt it might have appeared ſomewhat too forward, to take advantage of an accident or a miſtake, to commence an acquaintance, which the *imagined* fair-one appeared to have declined on our firſt overture.

BESIDES, ſhe ſeemed to have been in expectation of ſome more welcome gueſt, who poſſibly might have arrived the night before, and have rendered my viſit, perhaps, *contre-temps*, at that time, which would have been very ungenerous in me to have involved her in.

I, THEREFORE, reſolved to wait for ſome more formal and direct method of getting myſelf introduced to her acquaintance; and, in the mean time, to take an opportunity, by ſeeing her at church or on the walks, of judging whether it might be worth my while to cultivate any further commerce with her.

THE next Sunday I attended divine ſervice, with, I confeſs it, but a carnal devotion; and ſoon after I had been ſeated, I ſaw two ladies walk into the aile, and place themſelves in a pew, oppoſite to me. One of them was young, the other an old, formal looking woman; and, as they were both in deep mourning, I immediately ſuppoſed them to be Miſs Dixon, and her aunt. I aſked a gentleman, that ſat next to me, who they were, and he confirmed my ſurmiſe.

MISS DIXON, as I think I told you before, is tall, but has rather a majeſtic, than an eaſy air. Her ſkin extremely fair, her eyes large, and blue, her hair dark cheſnut, her teeth white, even, and of a poliſhed brightneſs; her complection is pale, and over her features was ſpread, at that time, a certain caſt, or expreſſion, which, whether ariſing from ill health, or dejection, is apt to inſpire us with a tenderneſs or compaſſion, that immediately intereſt one for the object, and are the ſureſt avenues to the human heart, becauſe the leaſt ſuſpected ones, and that the ſentiment alſo is of that generous nature, which the ſoul loves to cheriſh, and contemplate in itſelf. Her age ſeemed to be about eighteen.

She either did not know me again, or affected not to recollect me, and this was a ſufficient hint for me, to behave toward her with the ſame reſerve; ſo we both of us walked out of the church, at the ſame time, without appearing to have taken the leaſt particular notice of each other.

Thus ended our ſecond interview, and ſo finiſhes my third letter. Adieu. R. B.

P. S. I did not attend the funeral; it was too much for my nerves. It aſtoniſhes me now, to think what could have ſuffered me to promiſe it, at firſt. But emotions are ſtronger than reſults.

I entreat you will frequently write to me; and ſpeak comfort to your aſſured friend, in the moſt comprehenſive ſenſe, of that expreſſion.

LETTER IX.

Mr. Harstonge, *To Mr.* Brumpton.

Dear Brumpton, Aix.

I HAVE received two letters from you this week, with a continuation of your memoir, which I fancy would be ſoon brought to a period, if you would but ſuffer it to go on. For I conclude that it muſt be ſhort, by your making ſo much of it.

You deſire me to ſpeak comfort to you. It muſt be by ſpeaking upon any other ſubject, then. It is amuſement, not conſolation you need. The firſt we may receive from others; the latter can, and indeed ought only to be found in ourſelves.—"In this the "patient muſt miniſter to himſelf."

Your own ſenſe, your own virtue, muſt be your ſole caſuiſts, upon this occaſion. I know nothing yet, of the circumſtances of your ſtory; but may venture to pronounce, however, that the beſt ſituation of your plea, that can be imagined, muſt ſtill require ſome indulgence toward the frailty of human nature.

nature. This is Sir Thomas's ſentiment, and expreſſion—he is grown ſententious.

But then again, this conſideration ought never tempt us to deſpond; for when we repine at our imperfection, we but upbraid our Creator. It is our pride, not our virtue, that revolts. We ought rather to conclude, that whenever we are as good, as we can be, we are certainly as perfect, as we ought, I mean, as ever we were framed to have been.

Sir Thomas agrees with me, in this philoſophy. I let him ſee my letters; I ſhew him yours too; you laid me under no reſtriction; and I do every thing in my power to amuſe him, and he is confined entirely at home. I ſhould make a good gentleman of the bedchamber, to a prince, I fancy. Better to a princeſs, perhaps. Farewel.

E. H.

LETTER X.

Mr. Brumpton, *To Mr.* Harstonge.

(The Memoir continued.)

THE next morning, I went out early, a hunting, and was, ſoon after, joined by Jack Armſtrong, whom you may remember at college, and who was frequently of our parties. I was pleaſed at meeting a young man I loved, ſo near my own houſe, and, immediately, engaged him to dine with me, after the chace. He promiſed to come, and, at the ſame time, introduced Sir William Aſhton to me, whom I likewiſe invited to dinner.

You know Mr. Armſtrong, therefore I need only deſcribe Sir William to you. His perſon you have ſeen; but as you might not have had leiſure to take particular notice of it, on the ſhort interview you had with him, on the late fatal morning, I ſhall juſt tell you, that he was an handſome, well-made man,

about thirty years of age, and had, altogether, an air of ſenſe, ſpirit, and faſhion.

He was ſenſible, polite, and had a good deal of wit; of that kind, particularly, which is fitteſt for converſation; full of lively ſallies of imagination, repartee, and pictureſque deſcription, of perſons, things, and circumſtances.

He ſeemed to be rather *much*, than *well* acquainted, with the world; for it is more than probable, that he had been uſed to view mankind, in ſituations which were rather diſadvantageous to them. In fine, he appeared to have but little faith, in human virtue, and all his ſentiments, both in morals, and religion, were latitudinarian. Our pretty, modeſt con-diſciple, Armſtrong, ſeemed to have too great a deference for his opinions.

After the uſual toaſts, of king, country, patriots, generals, admirals, and allies, had gone round, I named Miſs Dixon, in a bumper. My two gueſts turned their eyes quick, upon each other, and, after a moment's pauſe, Sir William aſked me whether it was my fair neighbour I meant. *Yes.* Pray how long have you been acquainted with her, Mr. Brumpton, ſaid Mr. Armſtrong?—I have not had that honour, yet, I replied; I have only ſeen her, once, at church, and, from that inſtant, reſolved that Miſs Dixon ſhould be my toaſt, till ſhe changes that name.

I did not think that the garden-ſcene was a matter, which I need have concealed, and, perhaps, might have mentioned it, at that time, if their manner had not given me ſome ſuſpicion about it. The ſubject dropped, here, with the toaſt. When they aroſe to go away, I preſſed them both to ſtay with me, till the next morning, but they took their leaves, informing me, with an arch ſmile, that Miſs Dixon was to be their landlady for that night.

I began to feel myſelf ſomewhat uneaſy, on their departure. My attachment to her, was not yet, ſo ſtrongly fixed, as to render me quite unhappy, at ſeeing her led to the altar, by any hand, which ſhe might have deemed worthy of her acceptance. But a pretty

a pretty, young woman, without parents, brother, or fortune, ſubject to the addreſſes of two ſuch gallants as theſe, the one lively and ſpirited, the other artful and libertine, appeared to me a moſt alarming object.

THUS was the paſſion, which I had before conceived for her perſon, heightened by my humanity towards her ſituation, and confirmed by the virtue, with which I became inſtantly inſpired, in her defence. But how to compaſs ſo good an intention? In theſe reflections, I paſſed the remainder of the evening, and moſt of the reſtleſs night, alſo.

Adieu. R. B.

LETTER XI.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Mr.* HARSTONGE.

(The Memoir continued)

THE next morning, I received a card, with Miſs Dixon's compliments, and an invitation to dine with her, that day. I was extremely well pleaſed at this occurrence. It relieved my anxiety about her, a good deal. It was likely to afford me an opportunity of making my obſervations upon the parties, and enabling me to judge, from her conduct, and their behaviour toward her, what meaſures it might have been proper, or even poſſible for me to purſue, agreeably to the purpoſe hinted to you, in my laſt letter.

I WENT chearfully, then, to my appointment, and paſſed moſt of the day very pleaſantly, at the Glebe. Miſs Dixon appeared to be a young woman of refined ſenſe, and polite breeding, which ſhe demonſtrated in a manner beſt becoming of her ſex, and ſituation in life; rather by the intelligence of her looks, and a conſtant attention to the reſpective characters, and manners of her company, than by any thing ſhe ſaid.

THE penetration, with which I had prepared myſelf, upon this occaſion, was, however, puzzled,

during the whole day. Miſs Dixon's demeanour, both to Sir William, and Mr. Armſtrong, was ſo equal, and unaffected, that I found it impoſſible to determine her preference between them; and the manners of the *ſuppoſed* lovers, held me, likewiſe, equally, in ſuſpenſe; for Armſtrong's behaviour towards her, was free, but careleſs; and the knight marked a ſort of aſſiduity, which betrayed more of *condeſcenſion*, than *reſpect*. The fair Dixon ſeemed equally diſtreſſed, as both.

Sir William happened, that evening, to diſplay himſelf, a good deal, in the declamatory ſtile, and ſtood forth a philoſophic advocate for nature, both in morals, and religion. At length, after having exhauſted all the common-place arguments, uſually urged upon this ſubject, he concluded his theſis, with this maxim, that as pleaſure was undoubtedly the firſt ſpring, ſo it muſt ever remain the only rational motive, of all human action.

Such a principle as this, immediately alarmed the ladies. Miſs Dixon's *modeſty* prevented her from challenging the propoſition, but the *prudery* of the aunt incited her inſtantly to enter into the liſts of argument. But ſhe was ſoon ſilenced, by my cloſing directly with the principle advanced. The old maid looked at me, with ſcorn and reſentment, the young one with ſurprize, and doubt; Sir William triumphed, and Armſtrong cried out, *brâvo*.

"Instinct, ſaid I, always leads the brute creation "to its greateſt good; and was reaſon given to man, "to miſlead him? Appetite is the unerring guide of "inferior animals, and ſhall the lords of the creati-"on be more precariouſly directed, or leſs liberally "indulged?" *Brâvo*, ſaid Sir William—*Encore*, cried Mr. Armſtrong.

"The ſtrongeſt paſſion in human nature is ſen-"ſual deſire. It is natural to wiſh for the unre-"ſtrained poſſeſſion of whatever object we may be-"come enamoured of, be ſhe maid, or be ſhe wife. "But a father, a brother, an huſband, or the fair "one's own chaſtity may riſe up in arms againſt our "enjoyments.

"Here

"HERE ſociety apparently rebels againſt nature." *Bravo*, and *encore* were repeated.—"What's to be "done, in ſuch a dilemma? Why nothing leſs than "this. If pleaſure be admitted to be our only go-"verning principle, then fraud, rapine, and aſſaſſi-"nation muſt be held juſtifiable."

Was there ever ſuch doctrine heard in a chriſtian country? cried the aunt, in a paſſion.—No, nor in a heathen one neither, replied Miſs Dixon, in a low voice, and yet the concluſion is fairly drawn.—Mr. Armſtrong appeared to be ſomewhat aukward, and Sir William appeared to be, at firſt, thrown into a good deal of confuſion; but recovering himſelf, a little, you are rather a ſubtle ſophiſter, than a ſound logician, upon this theſis, ſaid he, and have uſed more of the *Socratic* art, in running your antagoniſt into an abſurdity, than of philoſophic argument, which terminates in conviction.

I MADE him no reply.—He looked piqued and dark, during the remainder of the evening; our converſation became ſtiff and reſtrained from that time, and I returned home, ſoon after ſupper.

I SHALL reſt my letter here, nor proceed to write one line to you more, until you ſhall have given me Sir Thomas's opinion, and your own, whether Sir William, or our condiſciple, are to be the lovers, or gallant, of our novel.

My dear Harſtonge, adieu. R. B.

LETTER XII.

Mr. HARSTONGE, *To Mr.* BRUMPTON.

Dear Brumpton. Aix.

I Received your continuation, in two letters, and do aſſure you, that we were actually making the very ſame propoſition to ourſelves, which you have challenged us upon, before I had come to that part of your letter.

SIR Thomas knew Sir William perfectly well, and you know that I am as well acquainted with Mr.

Armſtrong; ſo that we were capaple of aſſiſting each other, in the diſquiſition; and the reſult of our diſquiſition is this

ARMSTRONG is a lively, good-humoured, weak young man, without much paſſion, or ſentiment, which makes it probable that he may have neither good, nor bad deſigns, upon Miſs Dixon. Sir William's attachment was obvious, from his manner toward her; but of what kind that attachment was, let his character, with her defenceleſs ſtate, pronounce.

BUT then again, as it is natural for youth and beauty to inſpire a certain warmth, reſembling paſſion, in the moſt inſenſible breaſt, it is poſſible that Mr. Armſtrong may have been a lover, after his way, alſo. Upon which, another and more material queſtion ariſes, which of the two was the favoured object?

WE all know how natural it is for women to prefer the younger man, even without ſenſe, or aſſiduity, before the elder, even with them both. But this we alſo know, that though the firſt may ſooner *win*, the other more often *obtains*. And as it is probable, that Miſs Dixon had not art enough to draw Mr. Armſtrong into a marriage, it is probable alſo, that ſhe may have fallen a ſacrifice to the artifice and addreſs of Sir William.

AND that the point had been, ſome way, or other, ſettled among the parties, before that period, appears plain, from the manner of her receiving you, at the pavilion, before ſhe had diſcovered her miſtake. Thus far we have ſhuffled our pro and con together, without being able to come to any determination in this point; for we don't think it fair to take in the *after*-circumſtance of the duel, as the given premiſes of the memoir, only, ought to be the articles of our deliberation.

I WOULD write more to you, but for fear that the length of my letter might detain you too long from your narrative, which we are both impatient to have brought to a concluſion. And yet, I do not know how, or why, but theſe interruptions are not ſo diſagreeable as one might naturally imagine. They keep the

the appetite keen, and ſupply food for expectation, which is, more frequently, the pleaſure, than the object itſelf.

YOUR old friend, Sir Thomas, ſays adieu, as well as EDWARD HARSTONGE.

LETTER XIII.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Mr.* HARSTONGE.

(In continuendo.)

Dear Harſtonge.

I Ought to make ſome apology to you, and Sir Thomas, for having ſuffered ſeveral pacquets to intermit, ſince my laſt letter; but the uneaſineſs of my mind, occaſioned by freſh difficulties, and diſtreſſes, have rendered me incapable of attending to any thing elſe for theſe ten days paſt; and if a letter I have juſt had the pleaſure of receiving from you, had not called upon me, at preſent, I do not think I ſhould have thought of going on with my narrative, even now.

WHEN I was taking my leave, at the Glebe, I invited the company to ſpend the next day, at my houſe, which they agreed to. I walked home, ſtep by ſtep, with arms folded, and full of paſſion, ſentiment, and reflection.

I PREPARED myſelf, the next day, after the moſt ſumptuous, and elegant manner, to receive my gueſts, and made every appointment, *en prince*, that the time would admit of. I ſent for muſic to London, and diſpatched cards about to the principal perſons of the neighbourhood, making an apology for the ſhortneſs of my invitation, by pleading that I had but juſt then taken poſſeſſion of my eſtate, and was impatient to become acquainted with the gentlemen and ladies of the country.

MY principal reaſon for chooſing a croud, upon this occaſion, was, that I imagined I ſhould be better able to judge, both of the characters and policies

of the parties, in a mixed company, than a ſelect one. Perſons are leſs guarded, in the former, than the latter, becauſe the public attention is divided among many objects—a private one is collected upon the few.

But why all this ſolicitude, about a perſon, who, either honourably engaged, muſt be beyond my wiſh; or, diſhonourably attached, muſt have been below my regard? However, I felt myſelf ſenſible of a certain fondneſs in my heart, and a ſtrain of politeneſs in my attentions toward her, that no ſuſpicion or reflection was able to qualify.

There is a certain ſentiment in the human mind, which fluctuates continually, till occaſion arreſts, and accident determines it, to ſome particular object. To inveſtigate this principle, from nature, or philoſophy, were vain. There are innumerable ſprings and contingencies, in the hands of Providence, inſcrutable to mortal ſcience.

I danced with Lady Falkland, and avoided any particular addreſs toward Miſs Dixon, all that day; though her behaviour to me had more of freedom and complacency in it, than the day before. Sir William appeared reſerved, and to be on the watch for every word or look which eſcaped from Miſs Dixon or me; and Mr. Armſtrong, who ſeemed to mind nothing but dancing and good cheer, took occaſion to whiſper me, that *the knight*, as he ſtiled him, was a good deal piqued at my manner of treating his argument the evening before.

Miss Dixon danced with Sir George Marriot, who is our neighbour in the village, and I found it impoſſible, from her behaviour, to form any certain judgment about her attachment, this day, any more than on the former. I ſhould, therefore, have naturally deduced the ſame concluſion from the premiſes, that I find Sir Thomas and you have done, in your laſt letter, that is, no concluſion at all—if ſomething that Sir William ſaid to me aſide at parting had not determined my opinion.

Not-

NOTWITHSTANDING your plauſible diſplay of moral, before the ladies, yeſterday evening, ſaid he, I find that you poſſeſs one quality, at leaſt, very neceſſary in a man of gallantry, or you would not have affected to make ſuch a myſtery of your laſt week's adventure in the pavilion, as you appear to have done.

ONE cannot be too ſlow to give an offence, nor too quick to reſent one. However, I replied, with a warmth, which, upon cooler reflection, I did not think the occaſion ſeemed ſufficiently to juſtify; the perſon who communicated any part of that incident to you, Sir, I dare ſay, has told you the whole of it: but, if either your curioſity, or any other motive, ſhould require further ſatisfaction with regard to this adventure, I am willing to afford it to you, whenever you ſhall be inclined to demand it.

THE reſt of the company happened to mix with us at that inſtant, and we parted without any other altercation at that time, though he ſeemed to look reſentment at me as he went away.

Adieu, to Sir Thomas, and you.

R. B.

LETTER XIV.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Mr.* HARSTONGE.

(The Memoir continued.)

I PASSED the night with a good deal of uneaſineſs. Had I been engaged in a ſtrife, which was merely perſonal, between Sir William and me, I had ſpirit ſufficient to have borne myſelf through it, as became a man of honour. But I apprehended that Miſs Dixon's name might have been involved in it; and though her innocence, with regard to me, ſtood perfectly clear of imputation, yet whenever a woman happens to become the ſubject of diſpute, her character always labours under ſome difficulty.—A woman's fame is like ſattin, whoſe gloſs is injured by the ſtain,

ſtain, though the blot be purged away. It was delicacy, then, and not danger, that occaſioned my anxiety.

I WROTE a letter to you, by that poſt, to come to me directly, upon buſineſs, as you may remember I hinted, which was of an intereſting nature. I wanted ſome friend to communicate my uneaſineſs to, to confer with upon the difficulties which I then began to apprehend might poſſibly enſue, in the courſe of this adventure; and who might alſo, in one particular at leaſt, have put me on an equal footing with the champions of the Glebe.

THE next day paſſed off, without hearing any thing from my neighbours. I employed my leiſure in ſettling accounts with my agent and ſteward, and making proper diſpoſitions for my will; which was a great relief to my mind: for when one has nothing elſe to do, but to live or die, we feel the leſs perplexity about either.

THE fluctuation of reſolves is ever a ſtate of anxiety; but once to determine, ſupplies a fortitude equal to the purpoſe. Reſolution in a ſoldier has always been eſteemed ſuperior to courage; becauſe that principles are ſtronger than nerves. The lion, when overpowered, will fly; but the brave man, tho' overmatched, will ſooner die.

THE night is too far ſpent, to enter into any further detail of theſe anecdotes; beſides, my ſpirits require reſt, and my mind a vacation from thought or reflection. Adieu for the preſent.

R. B.

LETTER XV.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Mr.* HARSTONGE.

(The Memoir continued.)

THE next morning I took out the hounds, both for exerciſe, and amuſement. In the midſt of the chace, I was joined by Mr. Armſtrong and Sir William, and we paſſed neighbourly ſalutes to each

each other, during the purſuit, which laſted but a ſhort time; for, ſoon after we met, the hounds came to *a fault*, and while Armſtrong was helping them to *hit it off*, Miſs Dixon came into the field, and rode up to us, in the moſt elegant *habit de cavalier* I had ever ſeen.

THERE is ſomething inexpreſſibly charming in the adventitious complection, which air and exerciſe generally give to a pretty woman, naturally pale and languid. It reſembles the fine powder of an auricula, which one imagines they could blow away, if the apparent circulation of the blood beneath did not ſeem to give a permanency to it.

SIR William called her *Thaleſtris*, and ſaid, that if he had known her deſign of riding out, he would have waited at home, to have had the honour of eſcorting her. I ſtiled her *Diana*; and it were too much for human frailty, not to have wiſhed to aſſiſt her in making an *Actæon*.

SHE returned Sir William's compliment, and then addreſſing herſelf to me, with a certain air of frankneſs and raillery, that I had not perceived in her before, told me ſhe was ſurprized that I had not had gallantry enough to pay her a viſit the preceding day, to enquire whether ſhe had got home ſafe from Caſtle-Brumpton or no.—But, added ſhe, though there is a good deal of difference between court and college-breeding, the ſincerity, however, of the latter, overbalances infinitely the politeneſs of the former.

UPON this encouragement, I ventured to engage in a more ſpirited converſation with her than uſual, during which Sir William remained quite ſilent, and appeared to be in a ſort of aukward diſtreſs, that I could not account for; but as I was reſolved to take all my meaſures from her conduct alone, I paid no kind of regard to his gloomy reſerve, and continued my addreſs toward her, with the ſame freedom and gallantry, as if he had not been preſent.

WE loſt our hare, and the day beginning to rain, we all turned home again. At parting, Miſs Dixon invited

vited me to ſpend the evening at the Glebe. I promiſed, and waited on her immediately after dinner.

Miss Dixon ſtill retained her gaiety and politeneſs toward me; I felt myſelf perfectly at eaſe in her company; Armſtrong was rattling and good humoured; the aunt formal and civil; and Sir William preſerved the ſame unſociable manner he had ſhewn in the morning, with the addition of a certain air of ferocity, whenever he replied to any thing I ſaid, which I was apprehenſive would break out into open hoſtility every moment.

After tea, Miſs Dixon propoſed a pool at quadrille, to amuſe us till ſupper; but when the card-table was ſet, Sir William was miſſing. She ſent a ſervant to inquire for him, who returned ſoon with an anſwer, that he was not well, and did not chuſe to leave his apartment for that night.

Miss Dixon appeared to be much diſconcerted on this occaſion, and turning to her aunt, intreated the favour of her to ſtep up ſtairs to Sir William, and aſk him if he wanted any manner of attendance or aſſiſtance that the hoſpitality of her houſe could afford him.

She did as ſhe was deſired, but ſoon returned again, and ſpeaking to her niece in a kind of half whiſper, which I happened to overhear, told her the knight was rather out of humour, than of health; at what, ſhe could not conceive, but that the roughneſs of his behaviour to her, upon delivering the meſſage, made her ſo very indifferent with regard to him, that ſhe was reſolved not to trouble herſelf any farther about the occaſion of it.

This ſeemed to have redoubled the lovely Dixon's alarm, and after having ſpoken a few words to Mr. Armſtrong apart, he immediately quitted the room. We three remained together for a quarter of an hour, in a very deep converſation, endeavouring, by turns, to *manufacture* a little converſation, till Mr. Armſtrong returned into the room; but with ſuch a look of emotion and diſcontent, as increaſed all our confuſion.

Miss

Miss Dixon immediately went up to him, and begged to know what was the matter with Sir William. To which he ſternly replied, that Sir William was a man of ſenſe and honour, and had, he was afraid, ſufficient reaſons for his behaviour; adding, that as his friend, his *only* friend, was not diſpoſed to come any more into company for that evening, he was reſolved to ſpend the remainder of it with him, alone in his apartment. Then caſting a look of pique and reſentment at the fair ſtatue, as ſhe then appeared, he walked abruptly out of the room, without making any manner of apology to me.

I took my leave immediately, and retired out of the houſe, without ſpeaking a word, or being in the leaſt oppoſed; and walked home, full of vague conjectures, and uncertain ſpeculations, mixed with a truly fond and generous anxiety, for the difficult ſituation of the too lovely, too unhappy victim.

At my arrival, I had the pleaſure of meeting my dear Harſtonge juſt alighted at my houſe. The ſight of you relieved me from a good deal of my uneaſineſs for the time; and I hope, at leaſt, that I was maſter enough of myſelf, to maintain all the chearfulneſs of hoſpitality, during the remainder of the evening.

You challenged me, that night, I remember, upon the ſubject of my letter, but I waved it till the next day, partly to leave ourſelves at liberty to indulge the mutual joys of ſocial friendſhip together; but principally becauſe I found my mind too much diſturbed to enter upon the minute detail of characters and circumſtances, which I thought neceſſary, to open the whole ſcene to you at large.

Adieu.

R. B.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Mr.* HARSTONGE.

(The Memoir continued.)

I Paſſed a reſtleſs and a wretched night of it, and aroſe the next morning early, not becauſe I had ſlept enough, but that I found I could ſleep no more. I walked through my groves, in a diſturbed temper of mind, till the bell rung for breakfaſt; I then returned into the houſe, and wrote a civil card to the Glebe, to inquire how Sir William did; and after I had diſpatched the meſſenger with it, I went into the parlour, where I found you ſitting at the tea-table.

I WAS ſoon called out again, my ſervant had returned without any anſwer. He told me that the whole houſe appeared to be in the utmoſt confuſion —That Mr. Armſtrong was ſwearing, and calling for his horſe; Miſs Dixon running to and fro, in tears; the aunt walking ſtately backward and forward, in ſoliloquy and ejaculation; and that not being able to get any one to deliver the card, he had been obliged to leave it upon the hall table.

AFTER breakfaſt, you may remember, I propoſed to you that we would ride out together about my grounds, in order to talk over this ſubject without interruption; but juſt as we were going to mount, I received the following moſt extraordinary and unaccountable letter.

Miſs DIXON, *To Mr.* BRUMPTON.

WHAT peculiar ſpecies of diſhonour could have inſtigated your unmanly conduct toward me! The adventure of the pavilion appeared to me but a mere accident till now, which I happened to mention in that light to my friends, very unfortunately, it ſeems, the firſt evening that they returned from your houſe.

THE eaſe and freedom of my behaviour toward you lately, were innocently meant as a due homage for

for the apparent politeneſs of your manners ever ſince, and the noble ſentiments you ſeemed naturally to have expreſſed, in all our converſations together.

THOUGH both of theſe articles have been warmly urged againſt me upon this unhappy occaſion, I was perfectly able to vindicate myſelf upon them; but Sir William, as a corroborating evidence to theſe circumſtances, produced a falſe key to the poſtern door of the garden, which he ſaid he had found in your poſſeſſion; the aſtoniſhment and ſurprize of it deprived me ſuddenly of all further power of defence.

THUS, Sir, have you rendered me a wretch, indeed, without the leaſt hope, or even preſumption, of the leaſt advantage to yourſelf, from any part of my character or conduct in life. I write not this by way of entering into expoſtulation with you, but in order to put you on your guard againſt the conſequences of your villany; for I would have you live to repent of it, or at leaſt to leave it in your power to do an unhappy woman that juſtice, which truth, honour, and humanity, perhaps not yet extinct in you, call loudly upon you for.

MARIA DIXON.

MY dear Harſtonge, adieu till next poſt. The effect which this letter had upon me on receiving it, has been renewed by my copying of it now, for I do not chuſe to part with the original; and this has put it out of my power to go on at preſent.

Your's, R. B.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Mr.* HARSTONGE.

(The Memoir concluded.)

I LOST my ſight with ſurprize, concern, and rage, upon reading Miſs Dixon's letter. I ſtood motionleſs for ſome minutes, almoſt without thought, but certainly without reaſon, like a perſon ſtunned with a blow. Then ſuddenly rouſing myſelf, flew out of the houſe, without taking any notice of the affair to you, reſolving to run precipitately to the Glebe, regardleſs of any danger myſelf, provided I could in any ſort vindicate or defend the much injured and moſt amiable martyr.

IN this ſituation of mind I ſet forward; but at the end of my avenue I was met by Sir George Marriot, who delivered me a peremptory challenge from Mr. Armſtrong, to meet him inſtantly on the race-ground, with arms and a friend.

How muſt my aſtoniſhment have been increaſed upon this accident! what! is Mr. Armſtrong turned champion for Sir William, or a principal in his own cauſe? The firſt part of this idea had too much of antient chivalry in it, to be imputed to him; therefore I immediately concluded that I muſt have been in a miſtake all this while, with regard to our novel; that Armſtrong muſt certainly be the ſucceſsful lover, and that the knight was a diſappointed rival; conſequently a jealous and treacherous confidant.

SIR George preſſed me for my immediate reſolve. The rules of worldly honour admit of no parley. I therefore deſired him to ride off directly to the ground, and promiſed to follow him inſtantly, with arms and a friend.

I WALKED—I ran back to the houſe, in order to equip myſelf for this mortal ſtrife; but, as thought outſtrips all other ſpeed, before I reached home I had leiſure for this ſhort reflection. That my honour was at ſtake, and a duel muſt enſue; but that my character would ſtand equally acquitted, by

chuſing

choſing my antagoniſt. Mr. Armſtrong appeared to have been perfectly innocent with regard to me, and Sir William to have been a moſt heinous aggreſſor. It in a great meaſure helped me to ſalve the falſe principle of duelling to my mind, by making the criminal the object of my proweſs. In all conflicts of this kind, reſolves are ſuddenly taken, or ſeldom taken at all.

You know the reſt, and I do not care to dwell longer on the ſubject. Therefore,

Adieu. R. B.

LETTER XVIII.

Mr. HARSTONGE, *To Mr.* BRUMPTON.

Aix.

WE have received the ſad cataſtrophe of your ſtory, and felt ourſelves extremely ſhocked at one part, and offended at another part of it, relative to Sir William's *ruſe de guerre.* A joſtle is allowable in gallantry or horſe-racing; but in the device of the key there was a meanneſs which ſufficiently juſtified your expreſſion in the field.

No man loves women better than I do; and yet I never could think any of them worth the leaſt diſingenuouſneſs to obtain. I carry this point to too great a delicacy, perhaps, if that be poſſible. I was fond of a pretty flirt once. Her huſband happened to make me a confidant in an amour of his. I wiſhed his wife to know it, but could not bring down my ſpirit low enough, even to give her the leaſt hint of the ſecret, though it was the moſt probable method of advancing my own intrigue with her; and that ſhe had afforded me frequent occaſions of revealing it to her, by complaining often to me, of his coldneſs and indifference toward her, for ſome time before.

THE ſtanding well with one's ſelf, in the moral ſenſe of the expreſſion, is certainly one of the pleaſanteſt

ſanteſt things in the world; for there can be no enjoyment equal to ſelf-one, and the higheſt ecſtacy muſt be too dearly purchaſed by baſeneſs or diſhonour.

But to the reſt of your ſtory: we feel ourſelves more and more intereſted, every letter, for the unhappy fair one; and I am more particularly impatient to have your amour brought to ſome concluſion or other, becauſe I happen to have one of my own to communicate to you, and I ſhall not attempt to open the ſcene to you, till I find you ſufficiently compoſed to *attend with patience*, according to your own expreſſion; which may more eaſily be done in my ſtory than in your's, as it has not yet begun to unfold itſelf into adventure; and whether it may ever become either intereſting or entertaining, muſt be the reſult of future contingencies.

Sir Thomas recruits both in health and ſpirits every day, and will be able, I hope, to return with me to England, when I ſhall be ſummoned to take my trial there, along with my dear Brumpton. He ſalutes you. Adieu. E. H.

LETTER XIX.

Mr. Brumpton, *To Mr.* Harstonge.

YOU know that Sir William brought no ſecond into the field. His expreſſion to you was thoroughly ſpirited. — "I have not time to ſummon a "friend; but one ſecond is ſufficient for two brave "men." This circumſtance laid me under difficulties when you rode off for the ſurgeon. But I happened to be ſoon relieved by the crouding in of the villagers, whom the firing of the piſtols had brought into the field.

I committed Sir William to their care, and as they were carrying him on a bier toward the Glebe, I had the ſatisfaction of hearing him tell them it had been

been a fair duel, and that if he ſhould die of his wound, he had no charge to leave againſt me.

THE moment I reached home, I diſpatched a ſervant with a note to Mr. Armſtrong, with only theſe words: *An unexpected adventure has juſt happened, which prevents Mr. Brumpton from doing himſelf the honour of waiting on Mr. Armſtrong this morning, whoſe return to the Glebe is immediately neceſſary there.*

THE meſſenger found him and Sir George walking backward and forward in the middle of the field, their ſervants waiting at a conſiderable diſtance, holding their horſes.

WHEN Mr. Armſtrong had read the billet, he appeared to be ſurprized; he gave it to Sir George to peruſe, and beckoning to their ſervants to come up, told the meſſenger that the note required no anſwer; they then mounted, and galloped off together toward the Glebe.

As ſoon as I imagined that it might have been poſſible for the ſurgeon to have given his opinion on Sir William's caſe, I ſent my ſteward to enquire about his ſtate; who returned ſoon after, with the unhappy account which I ſent you in my firſt letter.

I FELT myſelf extremely miſerable. I was ſenſible of a double uneaſineſs for Sir William too. His very guilt, which in juſtice might have leſſened my concern, in humanity encreaſed it. I would have ſurrendered my whole fortune, and carried a muſquet for bread, to have redeemed his life. We grow wiſe too late; and it is better to have no ſenſe, than that which only reproaches or reproves, without retrieving or reforming us.

DINNER was ſerved.—Bread, meat, and drink were removed untaſted. I walked about the room for ſome time, extremely diſcompoſed.—I was at laſt interrupted by an extraordinary meſſage from Sir William, requeſting to ſee me inſtantly at the Glebe.

I WENT ——— Adieu.

R B.

LET-

LETTER XX.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* BRUMPTON.

Dear Brumpton, Aix.

ABſtinence, temperance, and theſe waters, have ſo far reſtored my health—or, to ſpeak more philoſophically, by giving nature fair play, have ſuffered her to recruit herſelf, that I begin to feel inclined to join in the concerns, and enter into the connections of life once more.

THE firſt thing that this idea prompts me to is, to return you thanks for the mixed kind of entertainment that the communication of your letters have afforded me for ſome time paſt; and to deſire, by a more perſonal correſpondence between us, to renew our former friendſhip again for life.

As a debauch to phlegmatic conſtitutions is ſometimes called *a fillip to nature*, we may, perhaps more juſtly, ſtile ſickneſs to the lukewarm Chriſtian *a fillip to grace*. I feel myſelf at preſent, thank Heaven, in the happieſt and moſt enviable mortal ſtate that can be imagined. Re-born as it were to the world, with a life's experience in hand. My prejudices, my partialities, worn away during a tedious illneſs—my pleaſures, my purſuits, to be now directed by prudence, not by paſſion; and my attachments pointed out by ſelection, not affection.

I MOURN the fair devoted Dixon's life; and lament Sir William's death alſo, on account of ſome favourable hints you have given about him in one of your letters *. This world is full of tumult. There is a little of it beginning at preſent in this quarter, with our very amiable friend Mr. Harſtonge.—But I am a feeble ſcribe; this is the firſt epiſtle I have ventured upon ſince my illneſs, and I muſt forbear his ſtory till I gain more ſtrength. Adieu.

THOMAS MEDWAY.

* Letter IV. Part I.

LET-

LETTER XXI.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

Dear Medway,

I Received your letter with equal pleaſure and gratitude. It was an high relief to me in the preſent ſituation of my mind. The recovery of your health mitigates the ſenſe of my own unhappineſs, and the permanence of your friendſhip and eſteem is ſome conſolation to me under the diſappointment of higher, fonder hopes.

I LONG to hear ſomething of honeſt Harſtonge's *affaire de cœur:* I hope his affections have been luckily placed, for he has a generous warmth in his nature, that is capable of rendering him very happy or very miſerable. He has hinted ſomething of this matter to me himſelf, but proceeded no farther in it than you have done. I wiſh him all the ſucceſs he merits. Friendſhip itſelf cannot exceed theſe limits.

WHAT you ſay of the world is very true. — It is full of tumult, both in actions, and paſſions, the cauſe of them. If one's own affections did not hurry them into the ſame turmoil, it would be amuſing enough to the philoſophic mind to look down from its ſuperior height, upon the bents, courſes, and purſuits, the fruitleſs cares, and vain ſolicitudes of unimportant man. This, from its variety, would certainly be a more entertaining, though not ſo inſtructive a contemplation, as an inſpection into the commonwealth of bees.

I SHALL not mention any farther particulars of my own ſtory in this letter, for as Mr. Harſtonge was my firſt confidant in that affair, he has a right to be my only correſpondent in that article. I ſhall write to him the next poſt. My ſincere compliments to him in the mean time, and believe me to be,

My dear Redivivus,

Your truly affectionate friend,

RICHARD BRUMPTON.

LET-

LETTER XXII.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* BRUMPTON.

OUR very worthy friend, Mr. Harſtonge, is a lively, agreeable, and accompliſhed young man. —He is endowed alſo with as much honour, and virtue too, I believe, as *the manners of the world*, and the *latitude of morals*, have left him. He is, however, unfortunately engaged at preſent in an amour with a very pretty young French woman of quality, whoſe huſband happens to be old enough to have been her father.

I HAVE had ſome ſtrong altercations with him upon this ſubject. He defended himſelf at firſt, by pleading the preſcriptive latitude of modern gallantry. But indeed he was ingenuous enough to give up that wretched ſophiſm, upon my aſking him, whether he thought that the multitude of offenders could ever juſtify a crime?

THE next argument he intrenched himſelf in was, his pretending an exceſs of paſſion. I told that deſire was no more love, than hunger or thirſt are.—That the indulgence of ſuch a wrong-placed affection, though without a wiſh, was a crime againſt his own peace; and the ſoliciting the ſame paſſion in her breaſt, even without a requeſt, was a twofold injury and diſhonour to the wife and huſband.

THE nobleneſs of Mr. Harſtonge's nature ſeemed to receive alarm at the latter part of this diſquiſition, and made him inſtantly take a flight into the region of metaphyſics; rave of Seraphic's, Platonic's, and ſuch Utopian viſions, ſpeculating away all common ſenſe and nature, and attempting, by enthuſiaſtic rapture, to refine appetite to paſſion, and elevate inſtinct into ſentiment. But it required no very abſtruſe philoſophy to prove to him, that even the pureſt love is only a mixed affection, compounded of generous friendſhip and ardent deſire.

THESE

THESE diſcourſes have had ſome good effect, I hope; they have, at leaſt retarded the career of this amour, and prevented it from precipitating itſelf into intrigue for the preſent; and I ſhall take care, immediately to ſhift the ſcene, by hurrying him away with me, in a few days, to Spa, at a ſafe diſtance from the too dangerous object.

FLIGHT, abſence, and avocation, in ſuch caſes, are worth whole tomes of exhortation; and I hope to be able, by their aſſiſtance, to reſtore your friend to you in a ſhort time, *integer vitæ, ſceleriſque purus.* For "reaſon, as Boyle ſays, in his ſeraphics, being "born ſovereign of the paſſions, though her lenity "or ſupineneſs may ſometimes occaſion or permit "their uſurpations, ſhe is ſeldom ſo far diveſted of "her native powers, but that whenſoever ſhe "pleaſeth to exert what ſhe hath left, ſhe will be "able to reſume what ſhe hath loſt *."

HAPPINESS to you, and to all mankind! This is a pious prayer, and needs no reſtriction, as it can only be founded on virtue.

Adieu. T. M.

*. *Exiſtimo omnes fortunas noſtras nunquam adducendas in periculum tale, quod non omnibus viribus propulſare queamus.*

MACROBIUS.

LETTER XXIII.

Mr. HARSTONGE, *To Mr.* BRUMPTON.

Aix.

WE quit this paradiſe to-morrow for Spa, and I am inconſolable. My novel is at an end before it has well begun. Sir Thomas has hinted an objection to me, that the lady has a huſband. As he is an old fellow, I confeſs that this impediment had

not occurred to me before. But our friend is become a very puritan ſince his illneſs.

I OWN I think him too ſtrict a cenſor for theſe ſouthern latitudes; but as Pope gave it for a reaſon againſt his turning proteſtant, that it would render his bigotted parent miſerable, I am certain that the proſecution of this amour would render Sir Thomas ſeriouſly unhappy; and I ſhould feel as if I was *injuring a friend* to purſue it further. I have, therefore, conſented to ſet off with him immediately to Spa, and return ſoon with him from thence into England.

THIS great effort of virtue over, indulge me, I beſeech you, in the natural weakneſs of youth and paſſion, by ſuffering me to declare to you, that I do love her with ſuch an exceſs of admiration and fondneſs, that vouches the reality of romance, and makes all its extravagance appear but common hiſtory to me.

I MUST deſcribe her. Her perſon is tall, and finely proportioned; her mien elevated, and her addreſs graceful; her manners well-bred, and even her voice polite. She is neither fat nor lean, but has that pleaſing *en bon point* in her appearance, which the French reckon one of the characters of beauty. She has a ſweetneſs about her mouth which invites, and a ſpirit in her eyes that encourages, but at the ſame time ſuch a native modeſty in her cheeks, as chaſtens even while it inflames deſire.

As ſhe is too diffident and reſerved for argument, one could not, in ſo ſhort an interval of acquaintance, be able to judge of her ſenſe or knowledge in a direct way by the ear; but he muſt be blind, indeed, who could doubt of either. There is a ſenſibility in her looks which ſhews intelligence higher than ſcience, and an apprehenſion quicker than reaſon.

IN fine, ſhe is, altogether, ſuch an object as fools would admire, and philoſophers approve.

IN love, there are ſometime certain adjuncts or circumſtances, ſtiled *accidents*, which though they may

may ſeem to bear no relation to the paſſion, it is impoſſible ever to diſſociate from the idea, and ſerve to ſtrengthen it by a ſtrict alliance. The ſeeing the object in pain, ſickneſs, grief, or diſtreſs; the meeting a lovely woman in any romantic ſcene, or ſituation of circumſtance, are ſome of theſe.

I MUST acquaint you with my *acceſſory*.—But I am ſummoned away, in order to ſettle preliminaries for our journey to-morrow, and I dare not let Medway know how I am employed at preſent.—So adieu till next poſt. E. H.

LETTER XXIV.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Mr.* HARSTONGE.

WHEN I was brought into Sir William's chamber, I found him in bed, Mr. Armſtrong, Sir George Marriot, Miſs Dixon, and her aunt, ſitting round in the deepeſt melancholy and ſilence, the dying man being the only perſon who ſeemed alive in the company.

I WALKED up directly to the bedſide, without taking the leaſt notice of any body elſe, ſet one knee to the ground, took his hand and kiſſed it, not without tears, and aſked him how he was.—He anſwered me with ſpirit and ſubmiſſion, *I am*, ſaid he, *as well as God pleaſes*; then moſt emphatically entreated my forgiveneſs, for having laid me under the neceſſity of reducing him to ſuch a condition.

HIS expreſſions overpowered me.—It was ſome time before I could recover myſelf. He begged me to riſe and ſit down by him. I exerted myſelf. I obeyed, and he thus proceeded.

As I am brought, at preſent, to both a proper ſenſe and ſtate for confeſſion, ſaid he, I hope for the indulgence of a few minutes attention, and during

which, that thoſe who are now intereſted in my ſtory will grant me forgiveneſs, even while I am condemning myſelf.

My father died when I was very young, conſequently I was ſuffered to enter into life too early. I ſubmitted myſelf, however, from a natural ſpirit, and a juſt pride, to the uſual proceſs of academic learning; in the courſe of which I had picked up a ſufficient ſtock of heathen morality, but without the leaſt tincture of religion.

This is a moſt flagrant neglect in ſchools and colleges. The bells tolls, indeed, at ſtated hours, ſummoning to prayers, as to a night or morning roll; but the excellence, the efficacy, the expediency, the proofs of Chriſtianity are the ſole branches of knowledge that our lecturers are ſilent upon.

What is the pureſt ſyſtem of ethics that philoſophy can deviſe, without a ſanction? Nothing more, aſſuredly, than a certain *virtuoſo taſte*, or *moral refinement*, as Shafteſbury defines it, which the ideas of truth, beauty, harmony and order naturally inſpire in our minds.—And who heſitates, one moment, to ſacrifice a *picture* to his paſſions?

Among the ſeveral unprincipled maxims I had picked up in the world, my moſt favourite one was, that women are a ſort of *feræ naturæ* *, that men need keep no manner of faith with; that, provided *we leave them no worſe than we found them*, which is the libertine expreſſion for it, our conſcience ſtands acquitted to our moral; and that an annuity, or any other proviſion for life, was a ſufficient compenſation to an unportioned maiden for the loſs of honour, innocence, and virtue.

Under the dominion of ſuch reprobate notions as theſe, I happened, about three months ago, to accompany Mr. Armſtrong hither, who came to pay a viſit at that time to Mr. Dixon, who had been his preceptor, in his laſt illneſs. I then for the firſt time,

* A ſort of common ſtock, like fiſh and wild fowl; the property of any one who catches them.

ſaw

ſaw that lady, ſaid he, pointing to Miſs Dixon, (who juſt then burſting into tears, roſe and quitted the room) and conceived a warm, but a libertine paſſion for her. I knew that her father muſt ſoon leave her, without either portion to ſupport, or mother to protect her; and I had fortune and liberality ſufficient to barter for my pleaſures.

Mr. Armſtrong and I, continued he, ſtaid here together about ten days, during which interval I endeavoured, by all the addreſs I was maſter of, to render myſelf as agreeable to the lady as I could.—But in vain.—For I ſoon obſerved a particular attachment in my friend toward her, which ſhe ſeemed to return in ſuch a manner as rouſed my jealouſy and pique at the ſame time.

After we had parted from the houſe, I hinted this matter to Mr. Armſtrong, to which he replied in ſo cavalier and equivocal a manner, that, judging of his principles by my own, I concluded that his deſign upon Miſs Dixon was the very ſame that I had before conceived about her myſelf.

While I remained under this error, I thought I was left at full liberty to follow the unreſtrained purpoſe of my own inclinations, and, without the leaſt breach of honour or friendſhip, to contend for a prize, which lay an equal ſtake between us, and that he appeared to have no excluſive property in.

With this view, then, ſoon after, upon hearing of Mr. Dixon's death, I hazarded the liberty of returning hither, without Mr. Armſtrong, to condole with the lovely mourner, and proffer her my moſt friendly ſervices, with the free uſe of my fortune, during her preſent and future exigencies in life.

Miss Dixon, ſaid he, returned me thanks for my benevolence in the politeſt manner, but declined the officiouſneſs of my offers with that prudence and propriety that is natural to her; and quickly taking alarm, behaved herſelf with ſuch diſtant reſpect and modeſt reſerve toward me upon that occaſion, as chilled my blood into a ſort of *cold ſhame*, that is the

moſt mortifying and irkſome ſenſation imaginable. I took my leave ſoon after dinner.

WHEN I returned here lately with Mr, Armſtrong, continued he, the ſame ungenerous purpoſe gaining ſtrength by difficulty, ſtill dwelling on my mind, a new object of jealouſy preſented itſelf to me in you, Sir, ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to me. The ſtory of the pavilion-ſcene, your proximity of ſituation, your obvious manner of addreſs toward Miſs Dixon, with her remarkable eaſe, freedom, and attention to you, joined all together, to give me ſome apprehenſions, that you might poſſibly ſupplant both Mr. Armſtrong and me.

UPON this idea, I endeavoured to baniſh you from theſe haunts, by raiſing up ſuſpicions of rivalſhip in the mind of my friend; and finally, by procuring a key to the back-door of the garden, to be privately forged, yeſterday evening, which I pretended to have been detected in your poſſeſſion.

I DID not apprehend any manner of danger from this device to either of you, gentlemen, ſaid he, to Mr. Armſtrong and me; for I really never imagined that my friend's honour could be any way engaged to reſent a competition of this kind, nor did Mr. Armſtrong reveal the ſecret to me time enough to have confeſſed my fraud, and prevented the conſequences of the deceit, which I ſhould have done then as freely as I do now, till, upon his return home, after my misfortune, he has, too late, confeſſed to me, that he had been, for ſome time, under a contract of marriage with Miſs Dixon, which would have been compleated above a year paſt, if her father, out of honour to his patron, Sir William Armſtrong, had not prevented it.

I DO not pretend to juſtify my own conduct in this unhappy affair, concluded he; but let it be accepted, by the world, at leaſt, as ſome alleviation of my crime, that Mr. Armſtrong's want of ingenuouſneſs and confidence in my friendſhip, has been the fatal cauſe of our preſent tragedy.

JUST

JUST as he had ended theſe words, the ſurgeons came into the chamber, and told him it was time to dreſs his wound again; upon which I kneeled a ſecond time by his bedſide, and preſſing one of his hands between both of mine, aſked his forgiveneſs, wiſhed him an immediate recovery, and walked down ſtairs, where I waited till the ſurgeons came to me, and gave ſuch a report of their patient, as ſent me home a very wretch indeed.

Adieu. R. B.

P. S. I received your letter on your quitting Aix, and give me leave to congratulate you on your conqueſt over the greateſt enemy you can ever have to combat with.—For ſuch to man is *himſelf*.

LETTER XXV.

Mr. HARSTONGE, *To Mr.* BRUMPTON.

Aix.

I MUST go on. When we came firſt to this place, I confined myſelf ſo entirely at home with Sir Thomas, that it began ſoon to have an ill effect upon my health and ſpirits: to remedy which evils, as we went to bed at nightfall, I uſed to riſe at daybreak, in order to ſteal time to walk, ſometimes to ride about the country, till Sir Thomas's hour of breakfaſt.

ABOUT ten days after we had come hither, I happened to ſup with ſome acquaintance, who lodged in the ſame hotel with us, after Sir Thomas had retired to his chamber. We were cheerful, and ſat up late.—Elevated ſpirits are not ſuddenly to be compoſed to ſlumber; and as our time of parting drew upon my uſual hour of riſing, I thought it not worth

while to go to bed, but mounted my horſe and rode out into the country, *ſcenting the morning air*, juſt as chance, for it was too dark for choice, directed.

WHEN I had wandered about an hour, I was led inſenſibly into a dark wood. The darkneſs of the night, the heavineſs of the clouds, with the *ſombre* of the trees, created a gloom, which the perfect ſtillneſs of nature, at that hour, joined to render extremely awful.

RELIGIOUS thoughts generally occur to the contemplative mind in ſuch ſituations; and we are often more prompt to adore the greatneſs and goodneſs of Providence, when none of its works are before our eyes, than when they fully occupy our every ſenſe. I could tell the reaſon if I had leiſure.

WHEN I had travelled ſome time through this *palpable obſcure*, indulging myſelf with meditations upon the beautiful neceſſity of religion, charity, humanity, with all the reciprocal and endearing ties of ſocial life, the clouds ſuddenly divided, like the quick drawing of a curtain, and a morn, beyond the dawn, flaſhed full upon my ſight. All nature, on the inſtant, ſtarted from its ſleep; the fertile fields and flowery ſhrubs breathed their odorous ſweets on my awakened ſenſe. Aurora's bluſhes filled my eyes; the feathered choir ſunk into my ears—A thrilling ecſtaſy ruſhed through all my frame.

I FOUND myſelf juſt then quitting the wood, and entering into a large lawn; in the middle of which I perceived a very handſome equipage ſtanding, with the horſes detached, and led about the field by ſeveral ſervants in rich liveries. *An adventure, by the Bona Dea!* I immediately cried out, according to your own expreſſion*.

I RODE up to the ſide of the chariot, and an old gentleman letting down the glaſs, told me, that he and his wife were going to Aix, but by an accident were delayed on the road the evening before, and driving late, had loſt their way, through the dark-

* Letter V. The Memoir, par. 5.

neſs

neſs of the night, and the ignorance of their guide; who, upon finding his error, had fled away, and obliged them to remain in that ſituation till morning, for fear of being led aſtray, or hazarding their lives by an overturn.

I OFFERED my ſervice for their ſafe conduct into the town, as I was pretty well acquainted with the ſituation and courſe of the country. They thanked my politeneſs, and accepted my offer. I then alighted, walked round to the other ſide of the chariot, and handing the lady out till the horſes were put to the carriage, I then, for the firſt time, had the tranſport and misfortune, at once, of beholding the tranſcendant fair, already deſcribed, the Marchioneſs *D'Etoile.*

Do but conſider, my dear Brumpton, the gloomy ſcene I had juſt before paſſed through, with the *moral landſcape* reflected through this *camera obſcura*, which by ſoftening my mind, had rendered my heart ſuſceptible of the tendereſt impreſſions. Think of the ſudden effuſion of light, the warm circulation of my blood upon the exhilarating objects ſo unexpectedly preſenting themſelves to my ſenſes all at once.—Know that ſhe was but eighteen, that I am hardly twenty-five; and that——O how flattering to hope! her huſband was paſt threeſcore!

REFLECT upon all theſe adjuncts, theſe *acceſſories*, combined together.—And yet, in one ſhort hour, I ſhall fly from myſelf by quitting her.—O virtue too auſtere! O trial too ſevere!——If thou doſt honour heroic deeds, thou'lt ſurely raiſe a ſtatue to me on the receipt of this letter.

Adieu. E. H.

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Mr.* HARSTONGE.

THE ſituation and anxiety of my mind are not to be deſcribed, hardly conceived. I laboured under three difficulties at once; diſtreſs, diſappointment, and paſſion. Sir William's misfortune, not ſo much his death or danger, as my having been the inſtrument of it, rendered me firſt ſufficiently unhappy, and love, which for a time is aggravated by deſpair, completed my wretchedneſs.

THE next evening I received a meſſage from Sir William to come to him. I obeyed, and he would not ſuffer me to leave him all that night. He had ſome turns which gave us hopes, but to encreaſe our mortification, for about eight the next morning the unhappy penitent expired in my arms.

HE told me juſt before he died, that he was apprehenſive I might poſſibly labour under ſome difficulty at my trial, on account of his not having brought any ſecond with him into the field.—I have, in all my verbal declarations, ſaid he, ſince that event, acknowledged the juſtneſs of your quarrel with me, and the fairneſs of our duel; but as words may be forgotten, miſtaken, or not fully reported, I have taken care to leave a writing behind me, which ſhall be a deed of record in your juſtification.

I AM now going, continued he, to take leave of this world, with perfect reſignation to my fate; which this very intereſting and alarming reflection has made me the more readily to acquieſce in; that had I lived here forty years longer, I ſhould, more than probably, had had more crimes to have anſwered for, and have alſo died more prematurely in repentance than, I hope, and truſt in mercy, I ſhall do at preſent. Sin may be rendered too weighty for penitence, and ſo become aggravated by hardneſs or deſpair.

HE ſpake no more.—— R. B.

LET-

LETTER XXVII.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Mr.* HARSTONGE.

THE morning after the funeral, Mr. Armſtrong ſummoned me to the Glebe, to attend the opening of Sir William's will. It was ſhort. He has left all his perſonal fortune, value five hundred pounds, between the poor of this pariſh, and the one he lived in. The manor of Eaſtfield, in this county, about three hundred pounds a year, he has bequeathed to me; and his eſtate in Berkſhire, above twelve hundred pounds *per annum*, to Miſs Dixon.

YOU may well ſuppoſe the emotions of grief and gratitude which Miſs Dixon and I were affected with upon this occaſion. Our eyes flowed faſt, and our ſpeech ſtood ſtill.—The joy of the aunt was exceſſive and offenſive. Marriot's expreſſion was full of tenderneſs and charity.—Sir William, ſaid he, lived in error, but died with honour.

IN fine, every one preſent appeared to have been affected, by ſome ſentiment or other ariſing from the occaſion, except Mr. Armſtrong, who ſeemed to be either not at all moved, or very improperly ſo. He walked careleſsly about the room for a while, hummed a tune, took up a news-paper, read a paragraph or two to himſelf, then ſaying, *Mrs. Heireſs*, I wiſh you joy of your eſtate, retired up ſtairs to his chamber. Miſs Dixon wept, equally from gratitude and reſentment.

SIR George Marriot and I took our leaves ſoon after. I aſked him to come home to dinner with me, which he did; and we paſſed the reſt of the day in reflections upon the novel of the Glebe, in deſcanting upon Mr. Armſtrong's character, and in humane and melancholic forebodings in commiſeration of poor Miſs Dixon's fate.

SIR George told me, that he had dined at the Glebe the day before, and that Mr. Armſtrong had received

received a letter from his father ſoon after dinner, which had occaſioned conſiderable emotion in him. Sir George ſaid that he did not communicate the contents of it either to Miſs Dixon, or to him; but appeared to be thoughtful and ſullen for the reſt of the time he ſtaid.

In the evening I ſent a card to Miſs Dixon, to deſire the favour of the ladies, with Mr. Armſtrong, to dine with me the next day; to which invitation an anſwer was returned, that Mr. Armſtrong had gone away before dinner, and that the ladies were obliged to remove to London the morning following, as the new rector had given them notice, that he would then enter into poſſeſſion of the Glebe.

Adieu. R. B.

LETTER XXVIII.

Mr. Harstonge, *To Mr.* Brumpton.

Spa.

YOUR laſt letter has reduced us to greater diſtreſs, on account of your fair ward, than any part of her ſtory yet told. Armſtrong ſeems to be quite unworthy of her, as he ſeems to be inſenſible of her merits; and the uncouthneſs of his manners muſt ever be a ſource of uneaſineſs and diſguſt to a woman of her apparent delicacy and ſenſibility.

Politeness is the perfection of morals, and *les petits ſoins* the only cement of affection. More connections in wedlock are rendered irkſome and unhappy from want of breeding, than even from vice itſelf. Nor man nor woman ſhould be ſuffered to enter into ſuch a ſtate without a *diploma* from the ſchools.

ſchools. A certificate of ſufficiency is required in other profeſſions, and why ſhould not a qualification be thought neceſſary on this moſt intereſting concern of life?

I FEEL more for the ill-matched fair at preſent than you may, perhaps, give me credit for; but it is not, I confeſs, owing ſo much to the abundance of my humanity, as to the force of my ſympathy. I am, myſelf, rendered extremely unhappy. I think that moſt of the world are ſo. Thoſe, at leaſt, who leaſt deſerve it. Senſibility and refinement naturally create pains, which only the ſtupid are free from. It is ſome conſolation, however, to think, that the latter are as naturally incapable of either lively or delicate ſatisfactions. In fine, one may fairly pronounce, that happineſs can never be the lot of mankind; for there is no preſerving it with, nor preſerving it without, ſuſceptibility.

SIR Thomas is almoſt recovered, and we purpoſe to ſet out from this place next week on our return to England. We have, ſince our arrival here, become acquainted with a very agreeable gentleman, who lives at Bruſſels, and is to travel with us ſo far on our road, upon our promiſe of ſpending a few days with him at his houſe in that city.

DIRECT your next letter to that ſtage, and comfort us, if poſſible, with ſome more favourable account of the unhappy Dixon's ſituation.

Adieu.

E. H.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* BRUMPTON.

Bruſſels.

I FIND my health ſo far reſtored, that I ſhall truſt to time and native air for a thorough eſtabliſhment of it. Harſtonge and I have come ſo far on our journey toward England, but ſhall reſt here about ten days, or a fortnight, on a viſit to an amiable perſon, whom we had the good fortune to become acquainted with at Spa.

MR. Sutton is a man of good ſenſe, great reading, and ſtrong reflection. His ſtudies are moſt properly directed. Not involved in ſcience, nor indulged in curioſity; but regarding ſolely the philoſophic nature of man.—His duties, his relations, his compoſition.

The proper ſtudy of mankind, is man.

ALL his obſervations are employed in watching himſelf, and remarking how far the conduct of others riſe up to, or fall ſhort of, theſe great and only requiſites. For his opinion is certainly juſt, that *to know ourſelves*, that is, to act agreeably to our nature in the compound ſenſe of the expreſſion, muſt comprehend the whole both of the law and of the goſpel.

HIS philoſophy is truly *Socratic*. For he ſtrikes off from all ſciences, whatever has no relation to practice; as knowing that all contention of argument ariſes from ſuch things merely as mankind have no manner of intereſt in. Subjects generally above their comprehenſion, or which, if attained to the knowledge of, can never have influence nor operation upon our lives or morals.

THE cauſe of the uncertainty and contradiction of all argument in meraphyſical matters, he ſays, is owing to mens miſtaking hypotheſis for ſyſtem, imagi-

nation

nation for intelligence; and ſo proceeding upon data, aſſumed in their own minds, without the concurrence of unbiaſſed reaſon.

THE ſtudy of the fine arts, however, he not only admits of, but ſtrongly recommends; ſuch as poetry, painting, architecture, muſic, &c. becauſe the liberal arts ſeem to have a reciprocal connection with morals and virtue.—*Ingenuas didiciſſe*, &c.—While mathematical or metaphyſical reſearches have not the leaſt manner of relation to them.

THIS turn of thought and mind has produced a pleaſing effect both upon his temper and manners; for the philanthropy which is conſequent to ſuch ſentiments and conſiderations as theſe appears in a friendly, humane, and complaiſant demeanor to others; and the conſciouſneſs of his own virtue and benevolence inſpires a certain eaſe and tempered chearfulneſs in himſelf that are extremely pleaſing and engaging to all whom he converſes with.

THERE are a ſort of people who, having no fellow-feeling in their nature, feel only for themſelves alone; revolving, like the ſun, only round their own axis. If you would receive the benefit of their light or heat, you muſt approximate them; they will never deſcend to you.

BUT Mr. Sutton's affability is of a moſt charming and uncommon kind. It has not the leaſt appearance of that *proud*, that *inſolent condeſcenſion* which ſeems to *let itſelf down* to others; but, from the generoſity of his nature, he rather appears *to raiſe others up* to himſelf. A poet would, perhaps, compare this rich quality in him to *amber*, which attracts lighter bodies to itſelf. One of the Roman emperors ſays, that the moſt intolerable pride is that which diſplays itſelf in an oſtentation of humility.

THERE is ſomething remarkably polite, too, in his manners in his own houſe, where his attention toward all his gueſts is ſo marked to every individual, that each of them has reaſon to think himſelf the principal object of his regards. This may be reſembled

ſembled to a portrait, which every ſpectator imagines to have its eyes fixed only on him.

He has alſo what may be juſtly ſo ſtiled, with regard to him, the *happineſs* of having a large fortune; becauſe he makes it the ſource of happineſs to others, by letting it flow conſtantly in a current of penſions, premiums, portions, endowments, and other charities, toward proper objects, to a conſiderable amount; as his friends and neighbours have informed me ſince my arrival here.

He has a lively ſpirited wit, too, which he never exerts ſo remarkably as upon ſuch occaſions as theſe. Other people give alms in a grave, ſolemn manner, as if they *felt the weight* of ſome duty or obligation *preſſing upon them*. There is a ſort of *mechanical* kind of virtue, which ſometimes ſupplies the deficiency of the natural one. There are who give charity *grudgingly, and of neceſſity*, in order to preſerve appearances to the world, or to fine off ſome ſecret ſin; and ſo go to hell, as I am tempted to expreſs it, through the very *gates of heaven*.

While Mr. Sutton's *gratuities*, as they may properly be ſtiled, are dealt about, not as if *diſcharging an incumbrance*, but *purchaſing an income*. In fine, he is the true *chearful giver*; and whenever any occaſion occurs, ſeems to do good rather out of frolic than liberality; as if, as Pope ſays, though deſcribing a different character,

He made a widow happy for a whim.

He met a poor debtor one day leading to gaol; and turning to a friend that was walking with him, come, ſaid he, let us follow and *diſappoint* that fellow there that goes before us. He went directly to the priſon, diſcharged the poor man's debt, and haſtened away again without telling his name, as faſt as if he had been but juſt releaſed himſelf out of the gaol. This muſt have been, indeed, a double *diſappointment* to the ſurpriſed priſoner, neither to be detained in confinement, nor to know who had redeemed him.

One

ONE fine morning he roſe early, and calling on a friend to take a walk with him, come, ſaid he, let us go *a kidnapping* together for an hour or two before breakfaſt. They went forth, and on a ramble through the environs of Bruſſels he picked up half a dozen pretty boys and girls, about four or five years of age, from the poor peaſants of the villages, cloathed, and put them all out to ſchool.

SINCE I came here, I happened one day to take particular notice of a pretty young girl, of about ſeventeen years of age, who was daughter to a poor victualler that lived oppoſite to Mr. Sutton's houſe. I mentioned her to my friend the firſt time I ſaw her. True, ſaid he, the girl is really handſome; but having no fortune, might poſſibly have fallen a victim to ſome profligate or other, if I had not purchaſed her virginity lately for five hundred pounds, which I am to depoſit to-morrow as a proviſion for her for life.

I CONFESS that his expreſſion ſhocked me, though there appeared even to be a ſort of *moral libertiniſm* in his conduct at the ſame time, according to poor Sir William's principle; for I had not then been at all apprized of his character either in actions or manner. But the next morning he afforded me the true pleaſure of ſeeing him pay down the girl's portion to an old burgo-maſter of the town, whoſe ſon was that evening to be married to our pretty Brunette. Harſtonge and I were brideſmen.

THUS does he *ſport away* his fortune in ſuch like acts as theſe; and this is really to be *a man of pleaſure* with a witneſs; for *to give, is to receive*; and a ſentiment of charity is capable of ſupplying the glow of fervid youth in the breaſt of frozen age.

YOU may imagine that my ſtrength has been thoroughly reſtored to me from the length of this letter; but indeed the ſubject of it alone would be ſufficient to inſpire me It has occaſioned the following lines to occur, which I remember to have met with ſomewhere or other in an anonymous author; and I cannot

not refrain from ſending you a copy of them, as they relate ſo ſtrongly to the purport of this letter.

Adieu.

T. M.

ON VIRTUE.

NO joys of ſenſe like conſcious goodneſs pleaſe,
More bright than glory, and more ſoft than eaſe;
In proſpect treacherous thoſe enchant the eye,
Yet, when approached, illuſive fleet and die:
Still others riſe, ſtill pleaſe, and cheat the ſame,
While hoped for mountains, when poſſeſs'd, a name.
So charms a cloud, with every peinture gay,
When, from afar, it breaks the ſeven-fold ray;
But, when we reach it, we diſcern no more,
The flattering colours we admir'd before.
While virtue reigning in the generous heart,
Alone can true ſubſtantial bliſs impart;
'Tis this ſtrong-beaming, though our noon be paſt,
Bids life's ſhort day be ſplendid to the laſt;
Charms pain and ſickneſs in the ſaint or ſage,
And melts to joy the hoar of frozen age:
In want, content (unenvied wealth!) beſtows;
In evils, patience; even in pomp, repoſe—
All wonders riſe at her invoking breath,
A life of rapture from the wound of death.

LETTER XXX.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

I RECEIVED the pleaſure of your letter from Bruſſels, with a character and account of your new and moſt valuable acquiſition in friendſhip, Mr. Sutton. The ſubject of your letter is certainly the moſt generally

generally intereſting that can poſſibly be imagined. The principle of charity is the univerſal band of ſociety; for all mankind are divided into but two claſſes, namely, thoſe who can afford to give, and thoſe who are neceſſitated to receive. And I can, therefore, better eſteem the *beggar*, who aſks his bread, than the *greater one*, who never gives it.

THERE was a nation * once ſtiled the *elect*, but afterwards deſervedly the outcaſt of God, who merited this anathema, even more than for their infidelity on account of their curſed vow called the *Corban*; by which they bound themſelves in an oath never to give charity, even to a diſtreſſed parent, in the moſt extreme neceſſity. Wretches! to have as few wants as poſſible in ourſelves, in order to relieve as many as we can in others, was the maxim of a Pagan †. Alexander beſtowed kingdoms as faſt as he conquered them.—I honour his tears, who wept for worlds merely to give them away.—

I WISH you both joy of ſuch an acquaintance, particularly poor Harſtonge, as his ſpirits at preſent may need the relief of that gentleman's chearfulneſs and benevolence. Though why ſhould I have ſo much conſideration for a perſon ſo infinitely more happy than I am myſelf? He may hope ſoon to outlive the Marquis D'Etoile; but, alas! what proſpect have I before me but that of ſeeing the ill-ſtarred, amiable Dixon miſerable, and of feeling myſelf ſo during both our lives?

I HAVE endeavoured to find out where ſhe reſides in London, but have not been yet able to diſcover it. I think I ought to ſee her again, and think I ought not; politeneſs requires, but prudence forbids it. But I will ſtill continue my ſearch, for even a devoir to her weighs more with me than a duty to myſelf.

I AM impatient to have my trial over, that I may be able to quit the kingdom, perhaps, for life, and bury myſelf in ſome far diſtant ſcene, where I may ſtill ſigh and think of her, rendering, by ſuch fond

* The Jews. † Marcus Aurelius.

indulgence,

indulgence, my aching heart inſenſible to any other object; for I find my ſentiments and affections ſo wholly attached to her, that I ſhould think it diſhnourable in me to tender my *empty hand* to any other woman.

PLEASE to preſent my compliments to Mr. Sutton, and tell him I beg leave to commence acquaintance, and conſequently friendſhip with him from the date of this letter. Love to Harſtone, and

Adieu. R. B.

LETTER XXXI.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* BRUMPTON.

Bruſſels.

WE paſs our time here ſo agreeably, that I think it muſt be agreeable enough to you to hear from Mr. Harſtonge or me every poſt. But I am afraid that I ſhall remain your only correſpondent while we continue in this place; for our poor friend appears to have become extremely melancholic and reſerved for ſome time paſt. He ſeemed to have recovered hinſelf reaſonably well in about a week after we quitted *Aix*; but ſoon after relapſed again, without either a new object, or any other apparent difficulty or diſtreſs happening to occur.

OUR amiable hoſt does every thing in his power to diſſipate his gloom, which ſometimes has its effect—But for a little while—The cloud diſperſes for the preſent, but the vapour too ſoon collects itſelf again, and ſheds a chilling damp on all our joys.

IF he was to be amuſed he could not poſſibly have happened to light on a fitter ſituation for that purpoſe than the preſent, in Europe; for there are ſome of the moſt extraordinary and ſingular characters in this city, that philoſophy could ever entertain itſelf with. As they are part of my amuſement here, I would endeavour to make them yours alſo; but as a good deal of the ſpirit of them would evaporate in my

my deſcription, I ſhall forbear to report them, ſince I cannot do it in the ſtile and manner of a lively perſon I have become acquainted with at Mr. Sutton's, who has diverted me with the characters and anecdotes of moſt of the remarkable people in this country.

I DESIGNED to have wrote a longer letter to you, when I ſat down to this paper, but I cannot continue longer at my deſk. My health and ſpirits both call for exerciſe. I muſt mount my horſe. Adieu, therefore, till next poſt.

Yours, T. M.

P. S. Mr. Sutton returns your compliments.

LETTER XXXII.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* BRUMPTON.

Bruſſels.

WE deſign ſetting forward on our journey to England the beginning of next week. I own that I am impatient to return thither. I long extremely to feel myſelf among my tenants and my friends, reſtored to health once more.

ANOTHER ſentiment affects me ſtrongly too. You know the natural ſenſations and effects of health; and I ſhould be ſorry to have my affections laid hold of in an alien country. I do not like foreign alliances in matrimony, any more than in politics. Parents of different nations are apt to produce a mixed character in their progeny; and I ſhould chuſe to have all mine pure, unadulterate Engliſh.

LADY Mary Wortley Montague has a ſentence in one of her letters that correſponds with and juſtifies mine. "The ſeveral nations of the earth," ſays ſhe, "have as ſpecific differences under the ſame "general kinds, as greyhounds, maſtiffs, ſpaniels, "bull-dogs, or the race of my little *Diana*, if no-

"body

" body be offended at the compariſon. And as the " various intermixture of theſe latter animals, gene- " rates mungrels, ſo mankind produce their ſpurious " breed alſo. In the ſame perſon," continues ſhe, " ſpeaking of the Turkiſh nation, may frequently " be remarked the Greek perfidiouſneſs, the Ita- " lian diffidence, the Spaniſh arrogance, the French " loquacity; and all on a ſudden he is ſeized with " a fit of Engliſh thoughtfulneſs, bordering a little " upon dulneſs, which many of us have inherited " from the ſtupidity of our Saxon anceſtors."

I HAVE had the good fortune to prevail on Monſieur *Dermont*, the gentleman I mentioned to you in my laſt letter, to draw ſome characters for me, more at length than the ſhort ſketches or ſingle features which he has often entertained me with, and I ſhall here incloſe them to you, in his own manuſcript.

YOU may probably imagine, from the ſeveral ſatirical ſtrictures in this perſon's expreſſions, that he is an ill-natured philoſopher, and a ſevere cynic; but I do not know any one who leſs deſerves ſuch a character. *Plurimum et ſalis haberet, et felis, nec candoris minus.* He loves human nature extremely, and is remarkably indulgent to the follies and weakneſſes of it. But this is no reaſon that he ſhould not be diſguſted at the meanneſſes, and ſhocked at the vices of mankind.

HE may rather be ſtiled, as ſomebody ſays of ſomebody, " a good-natured man, with an ill-na- " tured muſe." He has no gall *in his liver*, but only *in his ink*. His firſt principle is juſtice; and there cannot be a ſurer token of this character, than what I have heard ſaid of him by Mr. Sutton, " that " he is generally loſing his friends, and gaining his " enemies." The firſt are offended at his reproof; and the latter reconciled by his candour.

I HEARD him defend himſelf extremely well to-day againſt Mr. Sutton, who has none of that kind of acrimony, either in his manners or expreſſions, and rallied him upon the ſharpneſs of ſome ſtrictures he happened to throw out this morning. " I muſt

" confeſs,"

" confeſs," ſaid he, " that I have a moſt *unſociable* " averſion to *fools*. I am ſometimes thought to car- " ry this cenſure too far—— *Sunt quibus in ſatyrâ*, " &c. But in this I have been miſtaken. I do not " require wits or geniuſes. Let them be only mo- " deſt, unaffected, and good-humoured, and I can " live in perfect harmony among them.

" When I ſpeak of fools, it is abſurdity, not " weakneſs of intellect I mean by that appellation. " I cannot help being put out of temper, when " chearfulneſs is expreſſed only by noiſe, ſociality " by drinking, learning by pedantry, wit by ill-na- " ture, humour by jeſting, breeding by ceremony, " and politeneſs by affectation.

" A perſon may not be able to define logic, or " capable even of pointing a ſentence, and yet ſure- " ly he may have ſufficient diſcretion to avoid the " weakneſs of ſuch characters as I have juſt menti- " oned. The world would not be half ſo ridicu- " lous, if men had only *their own* natural follies to " account for; nor mankind half ſo wicked, but for " *adopted* vices.

" Nobody has more love, tenderneſs, and cha- " rity in his heart toward human nature, than I am " ſenſible of in my own breaſt. But then my in- " dulgences are not to *vice*, but *frailty*—not to " *folly*, but to *foible*.

" Perhaps I am too difficult, and might poſſi- " bly be happier, if I were not ſo apt to fall into " ſuch reflections as theſe. But then this argument " tends to ſtifle every manner of excellence or vir- " tue in us. All improvement in art or ſcience muſt " be impeded by it. An ear for muſic renders a vil- " lage ſcraper grating to us; a taſte for painting " deſtroys our entire reliſh for ſign-poſts; and the " ſmalleſt refinement in morals is ſufficient to damp " all the joys of a libertine."

Harſtonge ſalutes you. Adieu.

T. M.

LET-

A CHARACTER I.

AVARUS was a younger ſon of a rich Weſt-India merchant. His portion was thirty thouſand pounds, lodged in the public funds, which produced him an income of about twelve hundred pounds a year.

HE had been bred to the law while his father lived, but forbore to practiſe, becauſe he would not be at the expence of good wigs and powder. He dieted at a coffee-houſe in this town, where he always ſpent the entire day, becauſe he would not afford himſelf either fire or candle at his own lodging. For which he paid his hoſt only fifteen pence *per diem*.

ABOUT two years ago his elder brother happened to die, unmarried, and left him an additional fortune of three thouſand pounds a year. This acceſſion of wealth *ſpirited him up* to a cloſer œconomy. And becauſe his hoſt refuſed to accept of one ſhilling a day for his maintenance, he has quitted this town, and retired into one of the provinces; where he is lodged and dieted for twelve pounds *per annum*.

HIS cotemporaries uſed frequently to rally and abuſe him for ſuch contemptible avarice; for parſimony is not the vice of youth or of collegiates. But he would defend himſelf, by urging that he was by no means *a niggard* to his wants, but *an epicure* to his paſſion; for he declared that he was ſenſible of more pleaſure in ſaving, than it was poſſible for any man alive to have in ſpending.

THIS was really a new kind of doctrine to me; for he who would perſuade me that poſſeſſion is enjoyment, muſt firſt take off his ſhirt and wear it in his pocket; or commence Platonic on his wedding night.

A CHA-

A CHARACTER. II.

THERE is a gentleman of ſome note in this city, who had formerly been called to the bar; and was eſteemed a tolerable good lawyer, in the mechanical part of the profeſſion, in ſtatutes, and precedents; but having a large fortune, and being naturally indolent, he never attended the courts of judicature, except to oppoſe ſome plaintiff, or defendant, whom he had conceived a pique againſt; and then he would put on his gown and band, take a brief, and plead *gratis*.

HE never waited to conſider whether the cauſe he undertook, was right, or wrong, but would ſtudy hard for a month, to work out ſome litigious point, or other, to puzzle, and perplex the opponent; and when he had thrown in his bone of contention, he would retire from the court, and leave the iſſue to the reſt of the bar; quite indifferent about the event, after he had once ſhewn his reſentment, though impotent, to the adverſary.

THIS gentleman's character became ſoon detected in the courts; by which means, he came to loſe all that weight and conſequence, which his parts and knowledge, had they been more conſtantly, and ingenuouſly applied, might, otherwiſe, have intitled him to. So that, latterly, whenever he ſtood up to plead, the judges, inſtead of attending to his argument, uſed to whiſper one another, ſaying, Who has vexed counſellor Babbler, to-day?

I HAVE been frequently in his company, and had conceived a good opinion of him, at firſt, as he was extremely plauſible, both in his ſenſe, and morals. He was really a man of ſtrict honeſty, in his own dealings, and had capacity, and foundation enough, in learning, and the rank of his family, to have riſen to an higher figure in life.

BUT I ſoon began to find him out. *He wanted ſubſtance.* He had all the qualities of an old maid.

Talkative, envious, and cenſorious. He had an invidious jealouſy, alſo, in his nature, ſuch as an ugly woman is apt to conceive againſt beauty. Nay, it extends itſelf even to talents, where he does not pretend, or even attempt to come into any manner of competition. This ill habit has increaſed, by years, till he has become a miſanthrope of threeſcore; for *age*, it is ſaid, *mellows rich ſpirits, but ſours poor ones.*

THIS weakneſs renders him uneaſy, in any company, where he is not the principal perſon, both in ſenſe, knowledge, and rank. Though, indeed, he never affects to ſhew any of theſe ſuperiorities, over the reſt of his fellows. He is ſatisfied if he feels a conſciouſneſs of it, in his own mind. His pride, by this means, aſſumes the garb of condeſcenſion; and a common obſerver, upon theſe occaſions, which are frequent, for he reverſes the proverb, of *Fools make feaſts, and wiſe men eat them*, would be at a loſs to know which was the perſon of ſenſe, or diſtinction, among them. Except this reflection, drawn from the general obſervations on life, might ſerve to point out the difference; that when weak, or mean perſons are admitted to an intimacy with their ſuperiors, the freedom and impertinence of their manners, always betoken their inferiority.

A CHARACTER. III.

THERE is another perſon in this neighbourhood, whom they ſtile *The Old Boy*. He is now above threeſcore years of age, had laid in a tolerable foundation of literature, at the univerſity; but, *tandem cuſtode remoto*, had thrown aſide his books, as ſoon as he entered into life, and has *lived on memory*, ever ſince.

HE has no extraordinary underſtanding, but lies under the dominion of a certain mean, and ſuſpicious ſhrewdneſs, which paſſes on the world, for an acute diſcern-

diſcernment, and a thorough knowledge of mankind; which leads him into a diffidence of every private connection with friends, and every public ſcheme of government.

He is a perſon of an ancient family, has a large income, keeps open houſe, and ſupplies an hoſpitable board. But the gueſts he ſelects, generally, are either fools, or boys; and beſt welcome, if they happen to be both. He is remarkable for affability, and good humour, ſo that it is impoſſible to give him offence, by any thing, which does not pique his pride.

He has, beſides, all *the outward, and viſible ſigns*, of charity and humanity, but wants *the inward and ſpiritual grace* of them. He has only a ſort of weak tenderneſs, or childiſh good nature, which ſtops ſhort in *ſenſation*, before it riſes to *ſentiment*. He can pity, but not relieve; his eyes will ſwell, but his purſe grow ne'er the lanker.

He has a country ſeat, about twenty miles from this city, where he always ſpends the ſporting ſeaſons; and in theſe occupations, he is more eager, and indefatigable, than any ſchool-boy, even to his grand climacteric. The life of man, is a *ſyllogiſm*—It ſhould conſiſt of three parts; a *minor*, a *medium*, and a *major*. His was an *enthymeme*, only; where the middle term is left out. For he has blended the boy into age, ſo *chromatically*, that not the leaſt ſtroke of light was ſuffered to intervene, or interrupt the ſhading.

With all his fortune, birth, hoſpitality, affability, and good humour, he has lived to old age, without a real friend; for he never rewarded good offices, nor, indeed, did he warmly reſent bad ones. His indolence was alike, in both caſes; ſo that all his enemies had to apprehend from him, was, that he would not ſerve them, and, in that particular, they were put upon an equal footing, with his beſt friends.

A CHARACTER. IV.

I KNEW a gentleman in this city, lately, who had, it ſeems, eſtabliſhed it for a rule to himſelf, always to ſquare his actions, even in the moſt indifferent matters, according to *ſimple* reaſon, and *literal* ſcripture. He was not aware, that he who will obſtinately perſevere in a *right line*, muſt often knock his head againſt a wall, and that *extremum jus*, is always *extrema injuria*.

THE deviation from theſe overſtrained principles, in others, uſed always to throw his uprightneſs into a *pious* rage, or *philoſophic* fury; ſo that he might, equivocally, be ſaid to have been the moſt *even tempered* ſoul breathing, by perſevering, with an undaunted fortitude, in a conſtant vein of ill humour.

SUCH peculiar ways of thinking, and acting, uſed to ſubject him to frequent ridiculous, ſometimes tragical adventures; for whenever a perſon pretends *to be ſerious*, with the world, it always provokes it to be *merry*, with him. So that hardly a day paſſed, without ſome farce, or other, being played off, againſt him: the fable of the boys and the frogs, might be juſtly alluded to, here; for whatever was play, to others, was generally death, to him. In fine, his character was *Rancour*'s, but his life was *Ragotin*'s *.

HE had been bred to the bar, but declined practiſing, out of a tenderneſs of conſcience; though he was litigious and vindictive to the laſt degree. He had a ſuit with a near relation of his, who offered to refer the merits of it; which he declined.

* Alluding to two perſons, in Scarron's Roman Comique, or *Theatrical Novel*; which title is ignorantly tranſlated *Comical Romance*.

He

He anſwered, as the Duke of Mazarin, who was another *impious* devotée, did, upon a like occaſion, with his wife, "that he knew, very well, the "Lord had appointed *judges*, but he had never "heard of a *referée*, in all the ſcriptures."

He was a ſort of *Janus* ſaint, with one face toward God, and the other toward the devil. His religion was juſt as if a man in a rage, ſhould ſwear damn him, but he would be a good Chriſtian, in ſpite of the world, and hell, and the devil, and then fall to prayers, in a paſſion.

He uſed to give charities, now and then; not from the feelings of humanity, but merely, becauſe it had been commanded in the ſcriptures. I have ſeen him at this exerciſe, and it ſhocked me; for he performed all his acts, of this ſort, after ſo ungracious a manner, that one might have imagined ſome fiend had been exiled from hell, and condemned to ſuffer penance on earth, in virtue. In fine, he contrived to make the moſt of religion, by rendering every part of it, a mortification, to himſelf.

He had an unfortunate nephew, who was obliged to viſit him often, as he depended on his bounty, for bread. But he made him earn it harder, than any ſlave in a quarry. *They aſked for bread, and they brought them ſtones.* If the poor young man was ſilent, he was deemed ſullen; if chearful, light; undreſſed, a ſloven; and when dreſſed, a fop. If he ſhewed an appetite, he was called a glutton; if none, it was a pity there was not veniſon, or pheaſant, for *the gentleman*. In fine, he uſed him like a pair of ſmith's bellows, lifting him up, by the arm, and laying a weight on his breaſt, at the ſame time, to ſink him down again.

At length, the young man was releaſed from his ſlavery, and dependence, by the death of his uncle, whoſe whole fortune he came into poſſeſſion of, not by any will, for he had not affection, or benevolence enough, to make one, in his favour, or ſhew him any other preference, but what the law might give

him; ſo that he inherited, merely, as being the next heir, without thanks for the benefit, or a grateful reſpect toward his memory.

WHAT a cold, and inanimate piece of juſtice, was this! How deteſtable are thoſe, who neither exert, in themſelves, nor will afford occaſion to others, to exerciſe any of the generous, or delicate feelings of humanity! there are too many of ſuch hard natures, in the world.

A CHARACTER. V.

CORINNYS has neither a good quality, nor an agreeable one; ſo that ſhe is alike unable to recommend herſelf, either to ſaints, or ſinners. She is ſuch as one may imagine human nature to have been, without a ſoul. Reſembling Pygmalion's ſtatue, after it had been made to breathe. Senſation, without ſentiment. All its views centered in itſelf. —No moral, no generoſity, no benevolence.—In a word, a mere rational brute; but without the intelligence of an elephant, or the affection of a dog.

A CHARAC-

A CHARACTER. VI.

LICINIA's air was reſerved, but her manners free. ——Her own ſpeech was modeſt, but ſhe would liſten to the indecent language of others. More coquette than wanton, but being governed by no ſort of principle, except fear, ſhe had neither virtue ſufficient, to reſiſt, nor reſolution enough, to yield. She had a ſort of paſſive chaſtity, that neither avdanced, nor retired. *Non dat, non tamen illa negat.* The ſtrongeſt aſſiduity could not gain her *conſent*, while the ſlighteſt aſſault might obtain her *favour*. *To win, and wear her*, might be another woman's motto, but ſhe was *worn*, before ſhe was ever *won*. She did not find her paſſions ſtrong enough, to excuſe her weakneſs, therefore only acquieſced, when the crime appeared to be another's.

——————facili ſævitiâ negat,
Quæ, poſcente, magis gaudeat eripi.

THUS was ſhe rendered a victim to another's *paſſion*, without ſacrificing to her own *deſire*; while from the coldneſs of her complexion, and the irreſolution of her mind, ſhe neither received pleaſure, herſelf, nor conferred obligation on her lover; but was *poſſeſſed*, without *enjoyment*. Her life was ſpent, in provoking danger, and flying from it; and her time equally divided between ſin, and repentance. Criminal, without vice; and penitent, without virtue.

LETTER XXXIII.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Mr.* HARSTONGE.

Dear HARSTONGE,

I AM pleaſed to hear from Sir Thomas, that you are returning ſoon to England, and I hope you will be over, time enough, to take your trial, along

with me; which will be the firſt week, in next November term, now near approaching. It gives me an additional concern, that you ſhould have ſuch a trouble to undergo, but the connections of this life, have their acids, with their ſweets.

I CANNOT conceive who is the proſecutor, upon this occaſion, but am informed, by my attorney, that there is a ſtrong bar of king's council, retained againſt me.——I have, therefore, deſired him to engage ſome eminent lawyers, on our part; which I did not think neceſſary, before.

I HAVE found out where Miſs Dixon lives in London, and did myſelf the honour to wait upon her. She was at home, and I was admitted into the houſe; but when I ſent up my name, ſhe pretended indiſpoſition, and refuſed to ſee me.—Upon what punctilio, I cannot conceive.

I SHOULD have concluded that Mr. Armſtrong had forbidden her to receive my viſits, but that Sir George told me that he had paid her a viſit, lately, which was received; that he perceived ſhe had juſt wiped away ſome tears, from her lovely eyes; and that when he was taking his leave, he aſked her when ſhe had ſeen Mr. Armſtrong; to which Miſs Dixon made no reply; but her aunt anſwered, that they had not heard any thing of him, ſince they had quitted the Glebe.

I WILL not add to your concern, by dwelling, any longer, on my own; but hope ſoon to have the pleaſure of ſeeing you in England, that by the help of your ſociety, and converſe, I may be enabled, in ſome ſort, to ſtruggle with the diſtreſs and difficulties, which have, for ſome time paſt, oppreſſed your truly

Affectionate, and unhappy friend,

R. B.

P. S. Pray tell Sir Thomas, that I received the manuſcripts he was ſo kind to ſend me, and am much obliged to Monſieur Dermont, for the amuſements his *traits* have afforded me, in my preſent irkſome ſituation. *Animoſque ſecutus Archilochi.* But it was

not

not the *ſeverity* of his ſtrictures, that pleaſed me. ——This circumſtance is often miſtaken, with diſadvantage to human nature. The moſt ill-natured perſon alive, cannot receive pleaſure from abuſe thrown out againſt a ſtranger.——It muſt be ſome rival, ſome competitor, ſome one, of whom we are perſonally jealous, before we can delight, in the abuſe itſelf. We naturally take part with the injured, unleſs their vice deſerves the rod, or their ſuperiority excites our envy.——It is, therefore, the wit and ſpirit, not the ſeverity, of ſatire, that charms us.

LETTER XXXIV.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* BRUMPTON.

Dear BRUMPTON, Bruſſels.

MR. Harſtonge has ſhewn me your letter, and we cannot conceive who can have undertaken ſo malicious a proſecution againſt you; except it ſhould be ſome diſappointed heir at law, to Sir William. For though you were not the cauſe of his being diſinherited, you were certainly the perſon who reduced him to ſuch a ſituation, as made him think proper to make a ſort of *amende honorable*, by the diſpoſition of his will.

AND though you acted no part, in that affair, but what the rules of *modern* honour admit of, nay preſcribe, yet weak, or baſe minds may be as apt to conceive reſentment, againſt the *means*, as againſt the *cauſe*, of an injury ſuſtained. Men are not, always, what they ſhould be:——we, frequently, miſtake in our conceptions, and as often misjudge, in our actions: and commit evil, more generally, I hope, from error, than from vice.

WE ſhall ſet forward, to morrow, on our journey to England, and part from our amiable hoſt, here, with true regret. We preſſed him to give us a promiſe of returning our viſit, next ſummer; aſſured him

that Great Britain was a country, as well worth ſeeing, as any in Europe; and that we ſhould take him ſuch a tour through the kingdom, as would convince him, that the natives need not go to Italy, through bad roads, dirty inns, and wretched fare, for landſcapes, palaces, paintings, ſtatuary, architecture, or any other branch of the *virtu*, or *Grand Guſto*.

But he ſurprized us both, with anſwering in as good Engliſh grammar and accent, as any fellow of Oxford, who had never ſpoken any language to us, but the beſt French, before, that he was himſelf an Engliſhman, and had lived in that country, all his life, till about the laſt five years of it.——That, therefore, he had no curioſity, of the kind we mentioned, to be indulged, by going there; and that when he had quitted that kingdom, he had reſolved, within himſelf, never to return into it, again.

Here he pauſed, and ſighed; and as it was impoſſible not to be intereſted in every thing that concerned him, it was natural for us to be rather more inquiſitive about his ſtory, than was quite conſonant with the ſtrict rules of good breeding. But his manners are above punctilio, and the openneſs, and ingenuouſneſs of his nature, induced him to promiſe us his memoirs, which, he ſaid, ſhould follow us to England, as ſoon as he could find leiſure, to digeſt them into a narrative.

Dear Brumpton, adieu.

T. M.

LETTER XXXV.

Sir Thomas Medway, *To Mr.* Brumpton.

Dear Brumpton, Bruſſels.

I Purposed ſetting out, on our journey, this morning, but an unexpected, and alarming thing, has happened, ſince yeſterday, which has quite

quite diſconcerted my ſcheme, or left me to purſue it, alone.

Mr. Harſtonge rode out, yeſterday, after breakfaſt, as uſual, to take the air. We waited dinner for him a conſiderable time, but he did not return. The evening, and the night came on, but he ſtill remained behind. At firſt, we concluded that ſome accident had befallen him.——But then we ſuppoſed that his ſervant would have come off to us, expreſs with an account of it.

At length, I went up into his apartment, to ſee whether he had taken any luggage with him, and, on entering the room, I found the incloſed letter, lying on the table.

To Sir Thomas Medway.

Dear Medway,

I Am aſhamed of my abrupt departure; I bluſh alſo, at my diſingenuouſneſs, in reſerving any ſentiment of my mind from you.——But there is a delicacy, higher even than that of friendſhip; for when a perſon is reſolved to be his own caſuiſt, he ſhould always be his own confidant, too.

I cannot return with you to England, nor muſt I acquaint you whither I am going, myſelf. Would to heaven that I was forty years of age!

Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas
Claudere luſtrum.

You ſhall hear I am happy, or never hear more, from

Edward Harstonge.

This billet has diſtreſſed me, to the laſt degree. ——What is to be done, in ſuch a criſis? But I find it impoſſible to debate, while my letter lies open before me; ſo I ſhall firſt ſeal it, and then reſolve.

Adieu.

T. M.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* BRUMPTON.

Aix la Chapelle.

THE reſult of my deliberations, was, that the enamoured Harſtonge, from the irreſiſtible attractions of love, had returned back again, to the ſcene where his attachments had commenced. I could not think of leaving him to himſelf, under the impulſe of ſo blind a paſſion; therefore, I poſted hither, the moment after I had wrote to you, laſt, and had the good fortune to find that my ſurmiſe had been well grounded. I inquired after him, at our former hôtel, and was immediately led up to his apartment.

HE bluſhed, with an ingenuous ſhame, at his weakneſs, upon ſeeing me enter the room.——But one cannot upbraid, whom they pity. I, therefore, only challenged him, upon his unkindneſs, in not having a ſufficient confidence, in my friendſhip; aſſured him that I had none of the ſournеſs of philoſophy, in my morals; and that as far as his virtue might need aſſiſtance, I was willing to become his ſecond, with all favourable indulgence to his weakneſs.

HE thanked me cordially, and aſſured me that he found himſelf much eaſier in his mind, at having me with him, upon this occaſion, though he had wanted reſolution enough to deſire it, at parting. Tender frames, both of bodies and mind, muſt be gently dealt with; and it was ſatisfaction ſufficient, for the preſent, that I had, in ſome ſort, the poſſeſſion of my friend, in ſuch a diſtempered ſtate; I, therefore, urged him, no farther, upon this ſubject, at that time.

WHAT is this magic paſſion, which annihilates

ſelf,

ſelf, and renders it but the adjective of another ſubſtance? It reduces us to mere ſhadows.——We take our very ſhape, our motion, from the relative object. The poets have well feigned love to be a deity, to which the gods themſelves are ſubject, as it is the only power that is able to cope with the divinity of virtue.

WHAT has ſurpriſed me, is, that I have frequented the walks, and the rooms, theſe two days, and have not ſeen either the Marquis, or the Marchioneſs. I was going to enquire about them, from ſome perſons I was acquainted with when I was here before, but I reſtrained my curioſity, thinking it highly improper for me, to appear to have even the moſt diſtant concern, in an affair of this delicate nature, except what might relate to the ſafety of my friend only.

Adieu.

T. M.

LETTER XXXVII.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

MY trial came on, yeſterday morning, and you cannot imagine with what virulence the proſecution was carried on, againſt me. The court ſeemed to be ſurprized at the malice of it. The lawyers who opened the indictment, appeared to be poſſeſſed with a certain rancour, as if I had done themſelves ſome perſonal injury. I had often heard of their *iras, et verba locant*, but never ſaw the reflection ſo ſtrongly marked before.——Perhaps though, this may be, becauſe I never *felt* it, ſo ſtrongly, before.

ONE point, that was, for a long time, inſiſted upon, was, that while I was under the acceptance of a challenge, from another perſon, I had betrayed Sir William, upon whoſe charge againſt me, the original quarrel had been founded, into the field, alone; from

from whence he was ſoon carried back again, mortally wounded, as muſt naturally have been expected, where we were two to one, againſt him. And to ſtrengthen this argument, it was urged alſo, that Mr. Harſtonge had *fled for the ſame*; and afterwards quitted the kingdom, without daring to return, and take his trial along with me.

In ſupport of theſe articles, to my great ſurprize, Mr. Armſtrong appeared, and delivered his teſtimony, with all the diſingenuouſneſs, and malice, imaginable, or unimaginable. In anſwer to which miſrepreſentation, my lawyers produced Sir George Marriot, who gave an account of the fact, from Sir William's own relation of it, before him, immediately after the duel; with his conferences with me, after that event; his legacy, *&c.*

I was now, no longer at a loſs, to judge who was the proſecutor; though I remain ſtill as great a ſtranger, as before, to his motive, for ſuch a villainy, and baſeneſs. It could not have been friendſhip to the deceaſed; for ſuch vice, as he manifeſted upon this occaſion, was incompatible with that noble paſſion, and could never dwell together, with that generous warmth, which is apt, though unreaſonably, to continue our reſentment, at an injury done to a friend, even after he has himſelf forgiven it.

I was acquitted.———But misfortune purſues me ſtill, and has ſet me up, I fear, as her *point blanc*, to ſhoot all her invenomed arrows at. I am aſhamed, to go on.

Adieu.

R. B.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* BRUMPTON.

Aix.

THIS morning, Mr. Harſtonge and I happened to be a little more at eaſe, together, than we had been, ſince I came hither. After breakfaſt, I was preparing to ſay ſomething to him, on the ſubject of his elopement, to aſk him what was the ſcheme of his preſent romance, and to what ſituation the circumſtances of his dulcinea, had been altered, lately, that might encourage, or juſtify his preſent knight errantry? But he prevented my queſtion, by opening himſelf to me, in the following manner.

I CAN eaſily judge what your opinion about my flight, muſt have been, ſaid he, by your purſuing me to this place. That you have gueſſed right, with regard to the harbour of my deſtination, the event has ſufficiently proved; but as it is probable that you might have miſconſtrued my motives for ſuch a proceeding, to my diſadvantage, I ſhall give you now, the true ſtate and ſituation of my amour, which I have, hitherto, kept a ſecret from you.

MY quitting this ſcene, at your inſtance, was an obligation of virtue, was an effort of heroiſm. Having, thus far, ſufficiently acquitted myſelf, to the duties of honour, of character, and of true manhood, I hope that I may not appear more indulgent to the dictates of nature, than reaſon and morals will admit of, in endeavouring to provide for my own happineſs, by any method, which is not inconſiſtent with the laws of God, or man.

THERE is a refinement in true paſſion, which renders the moſt diſtant hope of a chaſte fruition, more flattering to the generous heart, than all the ſenſual enjoyments of preſent poſſeſſion. Upon this guard-

ed

ed principle, then after I had been, for ſome time, at Spa, I adventured to write a letter, to the moſt amiable Marchioneſs, of which I here preſent you a reſerved copy.

Mr. HARSTONGE, *To the Marchioneſs* D'ETOILE.

Madam, Spa.

THIS letter muſt ſurprize you. I tremble, myſelf, while I write. But when life, or what is dearer yet, our very happineſs, is at ſtake, all forms are ſuperſeded.

I FLED from Aix, becauſe I could not behold you, without a ſtill increaſing paſſion. Love at firſt ſight, is the ſtrongeſt emotion of the ſoul. How difficult then, to be reſtrained, when reaſon, afterwards, ſo fully juſtifies the inſtinct!

POSSESSED by ſuch a ſentiment, let the reſpect, which guarded my conduct, during the few, and yet too many times, I had the honour of being admitted into your company, with the principle that has dictated my flight, plead ſome apology before you, for the preſumption of mentioning, even at a diſtance, a ſubject ſo highly improper to be hinted to you, during your preſent ſituation.

BUT, as the circumſtances of that connection, may poſſibly alter, at ſome time, or other, of your life, though ever ſo diſtant, and that no change in my ſentiments, can ever poſſibly happen, all that I dare hope, or, indeed, ſhould even wiſh for, till then, is, that you may remember there is one, who, living, lives only for you; or dying, dies wholly yours.

I AM, Madam, with the trueſt reſpect, and ſubmiſſion,

Your moſt humble,
and obedient ſervant,
EDWARD HARSTONGE.

I ASK pardon, my dear Brumpton, for ſtopping ſo ſhort, here, but I happened to have deferred writing to you, till I find now, that it is too late to continue my letter, by this poſt.

T. M.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIX.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

Dear MEDWAY,

I MUST, though much unwilling, become my own memoiriſt, once more, leſt the accounts which you may receive from others, ſhould unfairly report this my ſecond misfortune, to you.

I WILL allow, I muſt do ſo, for my own peace of mind — That Mr. Armſtrong, as well as Sir William, both deſerved chaſtiſement. But why, O why, am I ſtill made the unhappy, and unwilling inſtrument, of vengeance! Are there not plagues, peſtilence, and famine, enough, in the world? and are not theſe, too, fitter miniſters of divine wrath, becauſe they may inflict it, without a crime? Doubts and conjectures diſtract my mind.

IN the warmth of Mr. Armſtrong's teſtimony againſt me, he happened to throw out ſome reflections, as if my attack upon Sir William, had proceeded from a mixture of revenge, as he had been the author of the quarrel, and of fear, in order to waive *a fairer* duel, with himſelf. His behaviour, in the firſt inſtance, provoked my reſentment, to the higheſt degree; and his expreſſions, juſt hinted at, muſt, neceſſarily, have piqued my *honour*, or my *pride*——Call it which you will.

While I was labouring under the impreſſion of two ſuch ungovernable paſſions, I happened, unfortunately, to meet Mr. Armſtrong, in the ſtreet, juſt as I had been diſcharged out of cuſtody, and that the ſheriff had returned my ſword to me, which I had put into his hand, when I ſurrendered myſelf for my trial.

I IMMEDIATELY walked up to him, and, in a low voice, ſaid, I am under acceptance, Sir, of a bill of yours, for ſome time, which the ſituation of my affairs,

fairs, has hitherto prevented me from paying due attention to; but, if you will retire with me, on the inſtant, I am ready to diſcharge that debt of honour to you, without farther delay.

He made no reply, but drawing his ſword, we inſtantly engaged, and before any one could interfere between us———

After all I had ſuffered, on Sir William's account——after all the reflections, and reſolutions, I had made, upon that occaſion——But what ſignifies the having our minds ſtored with every principle of virtue, and religion, even with an heart obedient to their dictates, if we have not arrived to ſuch a maſtery over our paſſions, as may put it out of their power, ever to ſurprize us? We ought never to be, one moment, off our guard. It is through ſupineneſs we fail, oftner, than through vice.

Adieu.

R. B.

LETTER XL.

Sir Thomas Medway, *To Mr.* Brumpton.

Aix.

Mr. Harſtonge thus proceeded. You may remember, ſaid he, an old faithful ſervant, who had lived with me, from my childhood, who came over with me, from England, and whom I pretended to have diſcharged at his own requeſt, ſoon after I arrived at Spa. This was the perſon I intruſted with the letter, added he, that you have juſt read, directing him to have it conveyed into the hands of the marchioneſs, with the greateſt circumſpection, and never to ſolicit any anſwer; but to attend the motions of the marquis, to follow him, from place to place, without appearing to do ſo; and to adviſe me, from time to time, of his health; and every

every other material circumſtance, relative to him, or the marchioneſs.

THIS perſon carefully executed his commiſſion, ſaid he, as I was ſoon convinced, by his incloſing me this letter, in a few days after he left me, and which he wrote me word had been delivered to him, by the marchioneſs's ſervant, in half an hour after he had put my letter into his hands; though he had not deſired him to aſk for any anſwer.

From the Marchioneſs D'ETOILE, *To Mr.* HARSTONGE.

SIR, Aix la Chapelle.

YOU do me but barely juſtice, in ſaying that your letter muſt have ſurprized me. I ſhould add more, but that I am in haſte, to quit the ſubject.

THE kindneſs and generoſity of the marquis, ſo wholly occupy my fondneſs, and bind my gratitude, toward him, that I ſhould be entirely unworthy of thoſe favourable ſentiments you ſeem to expreſs for me, ſhould I baſely enter into any engagements, before an event, which I hope may be as far removed as the laws of nature can admit of. And I ſhould think it a diſhonourable thing toward you, alſo, to promiſe you the reverſion of a hand, whoſe heart has been already, ſo fairly won.

I OFFEND in duty, even in writing thus to you; but my prudence dictates this meaſure, leſt, on your not receiving any anſwer to your letter, it might ſuffer you to imagine it had miſcarried, and that this ſhould tempt you to make a ſecond eſſay, upon ſo improper and indelicate a ſubject.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

ARABELLA D'ETOILE.

THE receipt of this letter, ſaid Mr. Harſtonge, ſunk my ſpirits, for a conſiderable time. I was charmed, I confeſs, with the prudence, and virtue, ſhe

ſhe expreſſed in it; but then, I perceived no manner of encouragement, from any part of it, to hope that ſhe would reſerve her affections diſengaged, on my account, till the event, pointed out there, might happen. However, I ſubmitted myſelf to my deſtiny, as this ſeemed to be, and was reſolved to wait, patiently, till time, the great interpreter of all things, might more fully explain her ſentiments.

In this ſituation I remained, continued he, till the very morning I quitted Spa, when I received a letter from my ſervant, acquainting me that the marquis had been ſuddenly taken ill, the very day he had purpoſed leaving this place, and that the phyſicians had but little hopes of his recovery.

Upon this, I poſted away, hither, but have neither ſent any meſſage to inquire about the marquis's health, nor appeared any where abroad, leſt it might alarm, or offend the delicacy, or prudence, of the marchioneſs; but I hear, from the reports of the town, concluded he, that the marquis cannot hold out many days.

Thus far, my dear Brumpton, there appears nothing amiſs, in this amour; and I hope, and think, I have reaſon to believe, that it will end, as it ought to do. For it is natural for old men, to die. It is as natural, alſo, for young widows to marry again; and it is juſt, that lovers ſhould be happy, together, when they deſire it, only upon proper terms.

Adieu.

T. M.

LETTER

LETTER XLI.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* BRUMPTON.

Aix.

FROM the irregularity of the pacquets, I have received two of your letters, together; and they have ſurprized, and ſhocked me.

YOUR reflections, at the end of your ſecond letter, have prevented mine. However, I do not think there is ſuch a neceſſity, for being, ſo conſtantly, on one's guard, as you imagine; for, to a mind rightly formed, impetuoſity of temper can never obtain. Virtue has its emotions, as quick as paſſion; and, as action is but a reſult of thought, the *ſhield of Minerva* has always time enough, to intervene, if we would ſuffer it: but, alas! we muſt firſt reform the manners of men, before we can govern their morals.

I MOST ſincerely pity you, on more accounts, than one. Our poor friend Harſtonge, is alſo extremely unhappy about you. But I endeavour to extract what good I can, out of evil, by giving him lectures, upon your ſubject, againſt the tyrannical dominion of paſſion, of every kind.

HIS expectations remain in the ſame ſituation I mentioned to you, in my laſt. The marquis is ſtill alive, but his recovery deſpaired of. We keep ourſelves both confined; for, after what my friend has revealed to me, I think it would be quite improper, even for me, to appear abroad, as our connection is already ſo well known, here, that it might, perhaps, give the marchioneſs ſome alarm, about Mr. Harſtonge's being here, alſo. This was his caution, and ought, therefore, to be mine.

Adieu, my friend.

T. M.

LETTER

LETTER XLII.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

SIR George Marriot happened to come up, immediately after the duel, and attended poor Armſtrong's body, to his lodgings. Sir George has a great tenderneſs of diſpoſition, in his nature. He ſeemed to be more affected, at this event, than even I was, becauſe he was leſs ſenſible of the misfortune. Good nature is, ſometimes, miſtaken for feeling. But children weep oftener than men. Senſation ſheds *freſh water* tears——It is ſentiment, only, that diſtils *ſalt ones*.

AMONG the papers, that were found in Mr. Armſtrong's pocket, was the incloſed letter, which Sir George obtained me a copy of.

From Sir JOHN ARMSTRONG, *To his Son.*

Dear JACK,

THE accounts which have reached me, from the Glebe, have ſhocked me, extremely, upon your account. The whole appears to me, to be a ſcene of violence, and debauchery. I deſire you will return home, immediately, on the receipt of this letter. You cannot, or ought not, at leaſt, to have entered into any engagements with Miſs Dixon, under your preſent circumſtances, which ſhould prevent your obeying the commands of a parent.

I HAVE appointed a rector, to ſucceed Mr. Dixon, and am ſorry for the ſcandal which has ariſen to his daughter, and that muſt ever reflect on her, be ſhe as innocent, as charity herſelf may ſuppoſe her, from the late unhappy occaſion.

ALL I ſhall add, is, that my whole eſtate is in my own power, and that you have not, I hope, yet put it out of yours, to inherit it. And one of the principal conditions

conditions I ſhall make with you, to that end, is, that to the utmoſt of your power, you ſhall proſecute the murderer of your friend; the expence of which ſuit ſhall be ſupplied by me, with an unſparing hand.

Your affectionate, but determied father,

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

YOU may perceive, from this letter, my dear Medway, whence Mr. Armſtrong's extraordinary conduct and behaviour, toward Miſs Dixon, took its riſe; as alſo, what might have induced him to act with ſo much diſingenuous acrimony, againſt me, too, upon the late occaſion.

THESE conſiderations, by leſſening his faults, and rendering them rather weakneſſes, than vices, have become an aggravation to my diſtreſs, and ſerve to make me doubly lament, both the ſeverity of his fate, and my own misfortune.

WHEN children arrive to a certain age, it is cruel in parents, to interfere in their affections, any otherwiſe, than as friends. But the tyranny of exacting obedience, after the manner that Sir John has done, in this letter, frequently draws unhappy conſequences, after it.

IN ſuch a libertine age, as this, every difficulty, thrown in the way of matrimony, is but an encouragement to profligacy. And I think, therefore, with great deference to the legiſlature, that the *marriage act* is a law, both dangerous to morals, and contrary to the very ſpirit of the Engliſh conſtitution, as it departs, too much, from the genius of a democracy, and approaches too near, to the nature of an ariſtocracy.

Adieu.

R. B.

LETTER

LETTER XLIII.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* BRUMPTON.

Aix.

THE circumſtances of Sir John's letter, has affected me, a good deal. There is no judging, fairly, of a perſon's actions, without knowing the motives of them. Your knowledge comes too late; which though it could never juſtify, might, in ſome meaſure, have excuſed, the *ill-adviſed* Armſtrong's behaviour.

MR. Harſtonge and I are, at length, ſet at liberty from our confinement, by the death of the marquis D'Etoile, who expired yeſterday morning. The amiable marchioneſs is inconſolable, we hear, and keeps herſelf ſhut up, all day, with her dead huſband, praying continually by his bed-ſide. The fond Harſtonge's joy, upon this event, is greatly moderated, by the generous ſympathy he bears in her grief; which makes him appear a real mourner, upon this occaſion.

To-morrow, the marquis is to be interred, and I ſhall quit this place the day after; for as it muſt, in delicacy and decency, require ſome conſiderable time, before our now happy friend can conduct this amour, to a proper criſis; that all danger is now over, and that there can, poſſibly, ariſe no new difficulty, for the future, but what he may be able to encounter, alone, I do not think it neceſſary to remain, any longer, a needleſs auxiliary, here, but ſhall return home, again, immediately, to my fortune, and my friends; but more particularly to you, whom I ſhall fly to, the moment I land in England.

To rove thus, from care to care, is extremely pleaſant. It is pity it ſhould ſink ſo deep. But it is the nature of this imperfect life. Few and ſhort are its joys, and all its pleaſures are melancholic. Contem-

plation

plation is ſad, ſtudy is ſweeteſt in retirement; and love and friendſhip are always ſtrongeſt in their griefs.

THERE are certain cares and anxieties, which may, not improperly, be ſtiled *The ſweet regrets of life.* Without love, without friendſhip, without compaſſion, human nature were but brute ſenſation. Without affections, without ſolicitudes, the mind has no action, no vigour, no health, reſembling *the green mantle of the ſtanding pool.*

LIFE was made for feelings, and apathy to the ſoul is what ceſſation of pain is to an inflammation; the certain token of a mortification. Thus, ſo little happineſs there is in life, that we are reduced to eke our pleaſures, with our pains.

Adieu.

T. M.

LETTER XLIV.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* BRUMPTON.

Bruſſels.

I COULD not think of quitting the Continent, without deviating ſome ſtages, to reviſit my amiable friend in this city. I ſelt for his generous anxiety about Mr. Harſtonge, and have returned hither to ſet his mind at eaſe with regard to him.

I FELT alſo a tenderneſs, ſomething more than friendſhip, for Mr. Sutton, ſuch as it is natural for a perſon of merit, but unhappy, to inſpire. The manner in which he hinted at his own memoirs, was intereſting, and affecting; the more ſo, as that was the only moment I had ever ſeen him grave. He promiſed to ſend them to me, but I thought it might be eaſier for him to relate them, perſonally, and that the converſe and ſolace of a companion and a friend, might yield a relief to

his mind, at the ſame time, which a meer narrative could not afford him.

He was rejoiced to ſee me, and aſked many kind queſtions, both about Harſtonge, and you, for we had often ſpoke before him, upon the ſubject of your ſtory, in ſuch a manner, as gave him an intereſt in your fortunes. He expreſſed great obligations to me, for the ſentiments which brought me back again to him, and when we were left alone, after dinner, upon hinting his promiſe to him, he led me into his library, and thus prefaced his memoir.

Before I let you into the detail of my life, ſaid Mr. Sutton, I think proper, firſt, to ſhew you a paper I wrote, and publiſhed, ſeveral years ago, in England, becauſe it is hinted at, and referred to, among the anecdotes, which you are ſo partial as to be ſolicitous about.

Upon which he produced a manuſcript, which I have taken a copy of, and ſend you incloſed, for your amuſement, as it has greatly contributed to mine; and ſhall leave you at liberty to peruſe it, by bidding you adieu.

T. M.

THE MORAL LEAGUE,

OR

ORDER OF MERIT.

PREFACE.

IT has been juſtly ſaid, that a perſon muſt be either a god, or a brute, who can be able to live alone. The mutual wants of human nature, ſufficiently evince that Providence hath deſigned us for a ſocial ſtate, in which we might reciprocally ſupply, comfort, and relieve each other.

From

FROM this natural hint, men ſoon began to form themſelves into communities of towns, cities and kingdoms, upon certain mutual conditions, on account of the more immediate advantages and neceſſities of life; as alſo into leſſer and more convenient ſocieties, of corporations, colleges, and clubs, for the exerciſe of arts, improvement of ſciences, and the enjoyments of friendly converſe.

MY deſign is to ſpeak only of the laſt article, in the whole hiſtory of which, there has always appeared to me a remarkable deficiency, that ought to be ſupplied, before a purpoſe of this nature and intent can be ſaid to have arrived at the rational end of ſuch an inſtitution.

THERE are, indeed, mercantile clubs, political ones, catch clubs, dilettante's, literary, *few*, and many meerly companionable *coteries*, but I have never yet heard of any ſociety of this kind, which had been founded upon the great baſis, of moral merit, or virtuous excellence.

THIS thought happened to occur to me, lately, upon reading ſome extracts from the hiſtory of Pruſſia, in which there is mentioned an *order of merit*, that had been inſtituted by the late king; the rules and conditions of which, being wholly military, have not any ſort of relation to my ſcheme at preſent.

BUT the very title of it ſerved to amuſe me for ſome time, with ſuppoſing a ſociety of men, formed upon a plan every way anſwerable to ſuch a reſpectable denomination; which thoughts hinted the following model to my mind, of

A Club, commencing with three, five, or ſeven members, who ſhould be ſelected, ſolely on account of their merit, or virtue; without giving the leaſt preference to rank, or fortune, except upon the *cæteris paribus* rule.

BUT, as the greateſt modeſty generally attends the higheſt merit, thoſe perſons who may be beſt intitled to lead the way, in ſuch a ſcheme as this, will hardly be induced to nominate themſelves to a poſt of ſo much true dignity; it will be, there-

fore, neceſſary for ſome active perſon firſt to aſſume to himſelf, *pro occaſione*, the office of ſecretary to this inſtitution, in order " to beckon mo-" deſt merit from the ſhade," and to overcome, by earneſt ſolicitation, the *Nolo Epiſcopari*, of baſhful virtue.

RULES.

THE firſt buſineſs that this ſociety may enter upon, ſhould be to aſcertain the yearly ſubſcriptions, and to appoint the application of that fund, to whatever public or private uſe, foundation, or charity, the majority of them ſhall judge proper.

THE ſecond thing they may proceed upon, ſhould be to give orders for having medals ſtruck for the members, with the figure of public virtue, on one ſide, and this motto round it.

Quique ſui memores alios fecere, merendo.

On the *reverſe*, a device of the *Good Samaritan*, with this lemma, *Miſeris ſuccurrere*; and on the *exergue*, this virtuous prayer, *That poſterity may bleſs us!*

THE third proceſs of the day, may be to elect new members; when each perſon ſhould be at liberty to name one candidate, whoſe character he is to offer to the conſideration of the club, either from the report of public fame, the teſtimony of another, depoſed upon oath, or his own knowledge, to be vouched upon honour.

THE candidates to be elected by the majority of voices; each member offering a negative, to give his reaſons for diſſent, upon honour likewiſe.

IF the candidate ſhall be admitted, his name to be entered down, by the ſecretary, among the rules and reſolutions for the day; with the general merit, or peculiar characteriſtic, which has entitled him to a ſeat, in this *Temple of Fame*, annexed to it; and alſo the name of the member, who propoſed him in election; without the leaſt notice

notice to be taken, either of the objections, or objectors.

If the candidate ſhall be rejected, then no manner of record to be made of the propoſition. And the whole of that tranſaction to be ever kept a ſecret, upon the honour of the club alſo.

There may be, likewiſe, an excluſive, probationary claſs, of young men, who may have but lately entered into public life; and from whoſe ſober and moral diſpoſitions, the world may have already conceived favourable expectations, but who have not yet had time, or opportunity, of eſtabliſhing a reputation, by any public merit, or private characteriſtic.

This claſs not yet to be admitted into ſociety with the club, but only to receive notice, from the ſecretary of this their honourable, and preelective adoption.

Each member of the club, then, may be at liberty to name one candidate, for the probationary claſs; and the whole proceſs of his admittance, or rejection, to be conducted, as in the caſe of propoſing members, aforeſaid.

Adjournments, of time and place, to be made, as uſual in all meetings of this ſort, monthly, quarterly, or half yearly.

REFLECTIONS.

The ſole deſign of this ſcheme, is, to do honour to perſons of real merit, indiſcriminately, without partiality, or party; and to rouſe up ſome emulation, in others, who may perhaps, unconſcious, be poſſeſſed of *ſleeping virtues*. Nor, indeed, will the not being elected into this ſociety, be a *direct* reproach to any one; for the merely being a perſon, to whom no general, nor particular objection can be made, or one who is only negatively good, ſhould not entitle him to become a member of this club. A man ought to have, either ſome public merit, ſome active virtue, or diſ-

tinguiſhed excellence, to be pleaded, before he ſhould be propoſed as a candidate, for ſo high an honour.

An aſſociation of this kind may, in all probability, be attended with extraordinary advantages to the world of morals. Swift ſaid, very well, that "if the few men of genius, in his time, "would but heartily unite together, they would "be able to drive the million of blockheads, be-"fore them." If the men of virtue alſo, would but enter into a *moral league*, of this ſort, what an happy effect might it produce upon univerſal manners!

It was this conſideration that has inſpired even ſo inconſiderable a perſon, as I am, to undertake and urge a plan of this nature.

Non tali auxilio, nec defenſoribus iſtis
Tempus egit.

But I have often hoped that there was more real virtue in the world, than has been generally imagined.---I reaſoned indeed, *a priori*, from the excellence of the Deity, and the goodneſs of his providence; notwithſtanding the ſad *poſteriori*, of diſappointed experience. I believed, though, that the rays were ſcattered wide, and needed the aid of ſome moral, or political machine, to collect the beams, and give them the *vis unita* power.

Perhaps a ſcheme of this kind may ſerve to elicit the latent ſparks, or, like the ſhaking of a phial, revive, at length, the cordial of ſubſided virtue. It may, poſſibly, proceed farther, too; perhaps *create* ſome merits, which niggard nature may have denied. The mere vogue of morals, like an wholeſome air, may produce ſalutary effects, upon unſound, or ſickly conſtitutions. Even ſhame may ſupply a *ſuccedaneum*, equally advantageous to the public, as artificial heat makes amends for the abſence of the ſun; till, at length, an aſſumed character may, by habit, become ſtrengthened into a *ſecond nature*. For as Cicero ſays, *Jam non conſilio bonus, ſed more eo perductus*

ductus ſum, ut non tantum rectè facere poſſim, ſed niſi rectè facere, non poſſim. CHARLES SUTTON.

LETTER XLV.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

I RECEIVED the manuſcript, and much approve of the turn of mind, which dictated a plan of ſuch a tendency. There is certainly a truly moral ſpirit in the purpoſe; but I fear, alas, that it is rather too *Utopian*, for theſe our days.

THERE is ſo little, even of the outward appearance of virtue, in the world, at preſent, that the few *ſcattered rays*, as Mr. Sutton ſtiles them, are cautiouſly *hid under a buſhel*. For, in one particular, the *modeſty* of virtue reſembles the *ſhame* of vice, that it would do its acts *in ſecret*.

IT is a ſad ſtate of things, but a thorough knowledge of the preſent conſtitution of manners, provokes me to think, that any perſon, who might have ſpirit enough, now-a-days, to attempt a ſcheme for the moral benefit of mankind, muſt be affected with a certain portion of enthuſiaſm, which fools deem madneſs, and the luke-warm *methodiſm*. And ſuch a viſionary, if obſtinate, might, poſſibly, fall a ſacrifice, as Xenophon ſaid of Socrates, *for being virtuous alone*.

I AGREE with him, however, that there is more virtue in the world, than is generally imagined. I carry it farther too, for I think that Providence rewards it alſo, even in this life, more frequently, than is uſually admitted. It is many centuries ſince this obſervation was made, "I was young, and "now am old, yet never did I ſee the righteous "forſaken, nor their ſeed begging bread."

BUT it is not every one who ſuffers, that deſerves redreſs. Nor is there merit, always, where it is imputed. True virtue muſt naturally attract the ſympathy of the good; and even thoſe who are *no ſaints*, have, ſometimes, nobler feelings, than many *devotees*. Merit, therefore, known and acknowledged, has ever found, and will always

find, ſuccour, applauſe, and ſupport; and though ſome particular inſtances may ſeem to ſtand as exceptions againſt this aſſertion, they muſt be deemed *ſingular*, indeed; or may otherwiſe, perhaps, be accounted for, without contradicting a maxim, which I am ſo fond of eſtabliſhing.

I LONG extremely, for your return into England; more eſpecially on account of the kind hint you have given me in one of your late letters *. I want your converſation, your friendſhip, and aſſiſtance. I am perfectly at a loſs, to know how to conduct myſelf, with regard to Miſs Dixon. I did not attempt a ſecond viſit to her, after the ill ſucceſs of my firſt, even before the late affair; and it is yet too ſoon to expect to be admitted.

SIR George was kind enough to wait upon her, this morning, with a deſign of ſounding her ſentiments, though not in a direct way, with regard to me. But his viſit was refuſed, by Miſs Dixon; however he ſaw her aunt, who told him that her niece had kept her chamber, ever ſince the death of Mr Armſtrong, and was neither inclined, nor in a condition to ſee any perſon, for the preſent, except her own family.

HE took this opportunity of vindicating me, in regard to the duel with Mr. Armſtrong, by charging him as the aggreſſor, not only in the court, but in the action itſelf, as indeed he appeared to be, by drawing his ſword firſt; and carefully concealed from her, the words which had called upon him to do ſo, as they had not tranſpired to any one but Sir George, to whom I happened to mention them, juſt after the unhappy quarrel.

HE then put her into poſſeſſion of Sir John's letter to his ſon, which I had returned to him upon this occaſion, in order to ſhew Miſs Dixon what had been the cauſe of Mr. Armſtrong's ungracious, and faithleſs conduct towards her, as I have already, mentioned to you, and to convince her, that he had been intirely unworthy of her regard, when living, or of her concern when dead.

* Letter XLIII. paragraph 3. latter part of it.

THUS

THUS ſtands the account between my fate and me. Beſides the diſtreſs I ſuffer in my preſent circumſtances, I feel myſelf in one of thoſe aukward ſituations, that puzzles one to know how to be able to conduct one's ſelf through.

FAREWELL, my kind friend, and fly ſoon to the relief of the unhappy, and perplexed

BRUMPTON.

LETTER XLVI.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* BRUMPTON.

Bruſſels.

AFTER I had read, and approved of the *moral league*, Mr. Sutton put another paper into my hand; but before you read it, ſaid he, I muſt premiſe it to you, that I have, really, no *ſerious thoughts* of running mad; but this memoir aroſe, intirely, from an accidental converſation I happened to hold, juſt before I quitted England, with a friend of mine, who told me, that *many ſober kind of people* in the world had taken it into their heads, that I was ſomewhat *touched*, as the phraſe is, and mentioned to me ſeveral particulars, which they had recited to him, in confirmation of this opinion; and which you will find alluded to in the memoir.

I SMILED, ſaid he, and replied, that I had neither the apology for this misfortune, that Dryden makes, *Great wits to madneſs*, &c. nor that which Feſtus imputes to St. Paul, *too much learning*, &c. I added, alſo, that I was ſafe, even from the ſentence of Solomon; for though I had, indeed, moſt ſeverely felt *oppreſſion*, yet the text pronounces only, that this misfortune affects a *wiſe man*.

YOU will indulge me for a moment, ſaid Mr. Sutton, in a digreſſion on this ſubject, ariſing from a thought which has ſuddenly occurred to me, at preſent. Moral philoſophers ſay, that all commiſera-

tion proceeds from ſympathy; which is founded upon a ſuppoſition, of our being ourſelves in the ſame ſituation with the unhappy object, and then judging of the feelings we muſt be ſenſible of, under ſuch circumſtances.

But do we not pity madneſs, even more than any other *alien* misfortune, as the higheſt pitch of human wretchedneſs? Here can, certainly, be no ſympathy. The object is happy, perhaps; appears ſo, at leaſt. And if they will not allow us to feel for another, till we have firſt ſuppoſed ourſelves in the ſame ſituation, we muſt alſo ſuppoſe an impoſſibility, at the ſame time, that we ſhould be, at once, out of our ſenſes, and ſenſible of our phrenſy. So that, with ſubmiſſion to ſuch *ſelfiſh* philoſophy, I do hope, and believe, that the ſympathies of joy and grief in human nature, ſpring from a nobler and more diſintereſted principle in our ſouls, than ſuch reaſoning is willing to admit of.

But to return, added he. Upon this hint I reſolved to amuſe myſelf, at ſome leiſure hour, with drawing up a ſummary of my life; which I did, ſoon after, in this manuſcript; and, on quitting England, perhaps for ever, bequeathed it as *a legacy to my friends*, as I ſtiled the original paper.

The LEGACY.

——longa eſt injuria, longæ
Ambages, ſed ſumma ſequar faſtigia rerum.

VIRG.

There is a ſtrong paſſion in human nature, to render one's ſelf conſiderable; and this is a laudable ambition, where the methods are honourable, or virtuous; for the regarding the *end*, alone, prompted Empedocles to ingulph himſelf in the burning mount, and Eroſtratus to fire the temple of Epheſus.

But there is a ſort of mimic vanity in mankind, that is perfectly innocent, though impertinent; which

which induces people, often, to publiſh their memoirs, who have nothing to relate; to leave wills behind them, who have nothing to bequeath; to juſtify themſelves to the world, that had never heard their names; and to ſupply reaſons for actions, they were never called to account for.

It may be a foible of this kind, perhaps, which prompts me, at preſent, to addreſs ye; though as ſome people have taken up a notion, that I am, or, at leaſt, may, at ſome time or other of my life, become mad, leſt this misfortune might, hereafter, be imputed to any cauſe, that may caſt a reflection upon my character, or underſtanding, I chuſe, beforehand, to minute down the cauſes, which may, poſſibly, effect ſo unhappy an event.

The ſpring of the mind, like all other ſprings, may be worn out, or impaired, by accident, ſtraining, or abuſe, long before its natural ſource, or temper, would fail. Diſeaſe, paſſions, misfortunes, or intenſe application, are the general cauſes of a diſtempered brain. Whenever, therefore, any inſtance of this kind, may, perchance, be met with, it muſt, originally be referred to ſome article, or other, among this *catalogue of woes*.

I was born in England—No matter where——But of Iriſh parents——I happened to be introduced into the world, on the ſeventeenth of March, late in the evening, in the midſt of as much thunder and lightning, as manifeſted themſelves on the birth of *Glendower*. The midwife, nurſe, and all the ſervants of the family, had gone pretty deep in their *Patrick's Pot*, by the time I called upon them for their aſſiſtance.

Had I been born a prince, it would have been ſaid, that *Mars*, *Bacchus*, and *St. Patrick* (for a confuſion of theology, is *authoritate*, in a birth-day ode *) had aſſiſted at my nativity——Or had I happened to have become diſtinguiſhed as a ſaint, a ſoldier, or a ſot, ſome of the circumſtances of my *birth-night*, might have been made a prognoſtic of. But

* Vide Colley Cibber's works.

But as I happen not to have been any one of the three, theſe particulars may ſerve to ſhew, that extraordinary contingencies, like foreboding dreams, may ſometimes occur, without producing any memorable events.

My father had been put into the army very young, and ſerved his campaigns in Portugal and Spain; where he had contracted a certain ſeverity in his manners, which is not the vogue of theſe more temperate climes. He had many virtues, but one or two peculiarities prevented his good qualities from appearing to the world, in that advantageous light, they were, otherwiſe, intitled to. And, in the ſincerity of conviction I ſpeak it, I never knew him once act wrong, until he was firſt miſtaken.

He had a precipitancy in his judgment, and a briſkneſs in his manners——conſtantly in a hurry. And to his lateſt moments, preſerved ſuch a quick ſpirit in his action and geſture, that he became, at length, a lively emblem of time, *an old man ever in motion*. In a word, he had all the good nature of the Iriſh, with the honeſty of the Engliſh, and the haſtineſs of the Welch; of which three nations, he was, by himſelf, and parents, a thorough compound.

This character, though, rendered the younger years of my life very difficult and uneaſy to me; which was, however, greatly relieved, by my mother's manners and behaviour toward me. She had a lively wit, had read many entertaining things, had a ſtrong memory, was chearful, and communicative. And, without exception, the beſt humoured human creature, that ever was born. I loved and honoured her. Duty was loſt in affection. She is dead!

My father never had the advantages of a liberal education himſelf; and ſuch perſons rarely become ſenſible of the deficiency of one; which is happy enough for themſelves, and lucky, alſo, for their parents, too. For, ſurely, if any thing could pa-

liate

liate the heinous guilt of parricide, it muſt be the reſentment for a neglected education.

WHAT amends can riches make, for ſuch a defect! When meat, drink, and cloaths, have been ſupplied, money muſt lie uſeleſs in the cheſt, till meat, drink, and cloaths ſhall require the key again. But the richer treaſures of a liberal education afford a conſtant, and inexhauſtible fund, both of ſelf, and ſocial enjoyments, for each happy hour, which the mines of India cannot purchaſe.

HOWEVER, there is one fatal conſequence, that generally attends this misfortune, which is, that the children of illiterate parents, are likewiſe, frequently neglected, in their turn; which, *veritas prævalebit*, was, unhappily, my own caſe.

I HAD learned to read, and write, indeed, at the uſual years of childhood; but my father had taken up a notion, that ſchools and colleges were neceſſary only to perſons deſigned for the church, and he had determined for me, that I ſhould not be bred *a parſon*. Beſides, he had puſhed his own fortune in the world, very luckily for himſelf, though he had run away from ſchool, in the ſecond page of *Corderi*, and was therefore, reſolved to ſubmit his children to the ſame Providence.

HOWEVER, I happened, early, to have conceived a ſtrong paſſion for reading. I greedily devoured the few books I could get acceſs to, and had read the Bible and Common prayer through, page by page, before I was ten years old, from my own mere motion; not from a ſpirit of devotion, only, but for information, and amuſement.

NAY, I was ſuch an *Helluo librorum*, that when I could not obtain any better ſtudy, I have laboured through a parcel of *Acts*, relative to the revenue, which my father had been ſupplied with, as an officer in the cuſtoms; and, like a ravenous hound, was gnawing at a ſapleſs bone, not for any nouriſhment he could hope to extract, but merely to indulge the fond idea of eating.

THE

The winter days were too ſhort for my ſtudies, and as I was not allowed a candle at thoſe years, for fear of ſetting the houſe on fire, I have read many a winter's evening, on the ſtair-caſe, by the dim light of a lanthorn; and have often eked a ſummer's ſun with moonſhine; reading, whole nights, with half my body leaning out of the window; by which I have contracted a weakneſs in my eyes, which too frequently interrupts ſtudy, and a diſorder in my cheſt, that has rendered my life miſerable, ever ſince; that will not ſubmit to medicine, and has puzzled the *faculty* to reduce under any certain claſs of diſtemper.

THE few books within my graſp were my mother's library, and the whole collection, as well as I can now remember, were *The Ladies Calling*, *The Whole Duty of Man*, *Fenelon's Exiſtence of a God*, *The Lives and Morals of the Philoſophers*, *The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*, with *The Prayer-Book*, and *Bible*, already mentioned.

THIS caſt of reading, a ſequeſtered life, for I was always a dull boy, with ſuch ſolitary and melancholic ſcenes of contemplation and ſtudy, before my mind had attained ſufficient vigour, to reſiſt their natural impreſſions, created in my mind many viſionary ideas and notions, too much abſtracted for the common purpoſes of life; which have given a peculiar complexion to my character ever ſince. Some of them by the world deemed folly, others madneſs.

Inſanire te omnes pueri, clamantque puellæ.

THE principles upon which I have tranſacted the moſt momentous events of my life, and that officiouſneſs of nature which has often prompted me to enter a volunteer, into the concerns, or intereſts of friends, of ſtrangers, nay even of enemies, ever more ſerviceable to others, than to myſelf, were owing to ſome of thoſe romantic whims, which had taken early poſſeſſion of my mind, at that tender, flexible, and unguarded æra, before I had *learned* any

any knowledge of the world; or, as it is otherwiſe expreſſed, been hackneyed in the ways of men.

Adeo in teneris conſueſcere multum eſt.

THE firſt indiſcreet ſtep I took in life, was the becoming bound with a friend of mine, in a bond for two hundred pounds, to reſcue him from a gaol. He happened to die about two years after, without having diſcharged one ſhilling of the principal, or intereſt; or leaving any manner of aſſets behind him, to countervail the debt.

HE gave me, however, ſome advice about it, juſt before he died. He had been bred an attorney. I was but eighteen, at the time of my ſigning the bond, and he told me, on his death-bed, that I might evade the payment, by pleading *Non-age*, to the ſuit.

I REPLIED, that I was ſorry he did not die with better principles, took my laſt leave of him, and about a twelvemonth after, on the very day I became of age, I went and perfected a voluntary deed, for the principal, intereſt, and coſts, of that debt, to the old *uſurer*; for in that character he afterwards acted toward me, before I was able to get out of his clutches.

IT was a remain of the ſame youthful prejudices, that induced me, among other *obſolete* notions, to frame the *Moral League, or Order of Merit*; upon reading which, a certain biſhop expreſſed himſelf thus: "He was always an odd fellow, but this laſt "ſtroke of his, has given the *coup de grace* to his "character." And another reverend dignitary of the church ſaid, of the writing itſelf, with ſomewhat more tenderneſs, indeed, but with the ſame prieſtly ſpirit, *It is ſenſible madneſs*. Their cenſure, I muſt confeſs to have been perfectly *orthodox*. It had too much the air of *Quakeriſm*, to hear a layman preaching to the *flock*.

BUT to return from my digreſſion. At the age of twelve years, and after I had often ſolicited it, myſelf, in vain, ſome friends prevailed upon my father to ſend me to a Latin ſchool; which, however

ever, I found irkſome enough, at firſt; for I had, by that time, from reading, converſation, and reflection framed to myſelf, ſome notions above a ſchool-boy; and was, beſides, ſuch an hulking fellow, that the grammar claſs uſed to ſtyle me *Quinbus Fleſtrin*. But what mortified me moſt, was, to ſee thoſe *Lilliputians* get the ſtart of me, perform their taſks, and repeat their leſſons with much more diſpatch and applauſe, than I was capable of.

THE truth was, that I had, before then, attained to a habit of thought and reaſoning; and any ſtudy, in which I could not receive aſſiſtance from either of theſe, was a tedious labour to me. Learning of languages requires nothing more than memory, which was a faculty of the mind, that I had never much exerciſed before; and which always grows weaker, in proportion as the underſtanding gains ſtrength.

BUT my pride ſpirited me up, and my application was indefatigable. I ſoon overcame that difficulty, and ſhot away with ſuch a meteor-like rapidity, that I ſoon exchanged the title of *Quinbus*, for the *Comet*. So that in leſs than three years, four months of which I was confined at home, by an ague, I ran through the *ſeven years* courſe, *fine ferulâ*, and paſſed an examination for the univerſity, with honour.

FOR my *Orbilius* *, in tender conſideration *of my age*, ſuffered me to ſpeed away, at whatever rate I could make, without reſtraining, or withholding me, to *draw* with my claſs, as it is too much the uſage, or ſyſtem, of modern ſchools.

HOWEVER, this extraordinary phænomenon was, by no means, owing to ſuperior talents, or an higher genius, but to aſſiduous labour, and more forward years.

Nec tua laudabis ſtudia, aut aliena reprendes.

At ſchool, I ſoon became ſenſible of the precious time I had loſt: I began to grow aſhamed of remaining a ſchool-boy, at an age, almoſt, when many of my cotemporaries were beginning to enter into

* The name of a ſchool-maſter, in Horace.

into *politer* life; and was piqued, therefore, to exert my utmoſt diligence and application, to retrieve myſelf from both of theſe mortifying reflections.

For which purpoſe, I hardly afforded myſelf time to eat or ſleep —— I uſed to lay my book open before me, while I was at meals; I read conſtantly, by candle-light, two hours, after I was in bed, and, often, as many before I aroſe; during the whole time I was at ſchool, I never taſted the vacation of a feſtival, and might have ſaid, with the poet.

Even Sunday ſhone no ſabbath-day to me.

Even while I was under a regimen for the ague, I read my ſchool courſe, with ſedulity; and, in the paroxiſms, have often, *Velut ægri ſomnia*, mixed the claſſics with my ravings.

My father put a ſtop to my entrance into college. An academic education was not thought requiſite for the *Temple*, and I was deſigned to be bred a Lawyer. But, unluckily, one day, recollecting that it was a perſon of that profeſſion, who, having been made a Truſtee in our family fortune, had involved it in inextricable difficulties, all lawyers were lumped as knaves, and ſo I was neither bred to profeſſion, art, or trade, of any kind.

These two diſappointments had a ſevere effect, upon my mind. I fell into a deep melancholy, for a time, felt a deſpondency about my fortunes, and was ſenſible of a certain mortified pride, having flatterred myſelf, miſtaking ſpirit for genius, that I ſhould have been able to become eminent in any ſcene of public life, that I might ever happen to be engaged in. I walked many a ſolitary and penſive turn in St. James's Park, by moon-light, and have lain whole nights awake, bathing the pillow with my tears.

At length, I ſprang from my inactivity, reſolved to purſue my ſtudies, without profeſſion, but not without a ſcheme. I, therefore, applied myſelf to arithmetic, algebra, and mathematics, in order to render myſelf qualified for buſineſs, in general; or

for

for any particular employment, that I might ever be ſo lucky to obtain, by the intereſt, or favour of my friends.

As theſe are the moſt abſtruſe ſtudies, in the whole *Encyclopædia*, the reading dry, and the reaſoning different, ſtricter, and more abſtracted, than in any of the other arts, or ſciences, the labour to my mind was extreme; more eſpecially, as I had applied myſelf to them, without a maſter. I have kept a candle lighted, all night, that before I fell aſleep, or in any of my waking intervals, I might be able to contemplate diagrams which I had drawn with charcoal, on the wall. I have dreamed of *lines*, and *tangents*, and raved of *cones* and *parallelopipeds*.

I WAS diſappointed in my views of preferment, or rather, I diſappointed myſelf. Two opportunities of making one's fortune, are as much as the moſt lucky may hope for, or the moſt ſanguine can deſire. Two remarkable incidents did then, occur; but my former prejudices clinging ſtill about me, I made one of my brothers a cornet of horſe, and eſtabliſhed the other in a civil employ, of two hundred pounds a year.

IN the mean time, I undertook farming, without money, or experience. I underſtood the *Charles-Wain*, better than a *plough*, and borrowed all my knowledge in Engliſh huſbandry, from *Columella*, and the *Georgics*. And yet, by the mere dint of ſpirit, induſtry, and adventure, I eſtabliſhed myſelf, at length, in an eaſy, and independent ſituation. But becoming bound with my father, to raiſe a ſiſter's portion, I was, ſoon after, ſtript of every ſupport in life.

Nudus agris, nudus nummis, inſane (non) paternis. I repined not then, nor have I repented, ſince. I obeyed a father, and I ſerved a ſiſter. I comforted myſelf, in my poverty, with this reflection from Phædrus.

Id ſolum eſt homini turpe, quod meruit pati.

I FLAT-

I FLATTERED myſelf, that while I was taking care of others, my friends would do the ſame for me; but after many years paſſed in fruitleſs expectation, I happened to find out my miſtake. I then began to ſuſpect, that there was nothing to be had, in this life, any more than in the next, without *ſolicitation*. I aſked——was promiſed——and was diſappointed——

To deſerve then, thought I, muſt be the ſureſt road to preferment. Fortune, ſoon after, happened to put it my power to ſhew ſome merit, and to confer obligations, of a very high nature, upon perſons of conſiderable weight and influence in government. I placed myſelf under their patronage; but it was not long, before I was taught experience enough, to frame this truly political maxim, that *when the ſervice is done, it is too late to expect the reward*. Thoſe enemies I had provoked, ſtill perſecuted me; and thoſe friends I had ſerved, neglected, or forſook me.

I HAVE met with frequent inſtances of this kind, in my progreſs through life, both in my own experience, and my obſervations upon the fate of others, ſufficient to have rendered me a *miſanthrope*, long ago. *Timon* had leſs cauſe of reſentment againſt the world, than I have had; inaſmuch as the ſpending one's fortune, indiſcriminately, upon others, is nothing near ſo choice a merit, as the expending of our time, our faculties, our activity, unaſked, and unrequired, in the voluntary, and diſintereſted ſervice of our friends.

THIS have I done, for many years, to the injury, to the total deſtruction of my fortunes, to the hazard and danger of what is ſtill dearer, even life, and liberty, without return, nay, even, without acknowledgment. And yet, I could never be brought to think with *Brutus*, that *Virtue is but a name*. So much I love, ſo much I even ſtill place confidence in human nature, that the deceit of to-day prepares me not yet for the fraud of to-morrow. But as Young ſays, *I ſtill try on what I have*

have tried, and ſtruggle with conviction. So that, probably, in my laſt moments, I may not have it in my power, to bequeath any other legacy to my children, than this ſpeech of Æneas, to his ſon,

Diſce, puer, virtutem ex me, *verumque laborem,*
Fortuna ex aliis.——

Or, Prideaux's bequeſt to his children——"Pious "poverty, God's bleſſing, and a father's prayers."

DURING my whole life, I have ever preſerved a ſtill increaſing paſſion for reading, and always affected the moſt difficult, and abſtruſe ſtudies. For, after my very early years, I never remember to have read a book, for amuſement only, except when I happened to be in ſuch a ſituation, that I could not procure any other. From numbers, I went into algebra; then into geometry, and trigonometry; afterwards, I proceeded to conic ſections, and mechanics; thence into aſtronomy, and natural philoſophy; and concluded my courſe with metaphyſics.

I HAPPENED to fall into hiſtory, once, and was charmed with it, at firſt, but ſoon quitted the ſtudy, becauſe I did not find that it exerciſed my mind ſufficiently, or occupied enough of my attention. Hiſtory and poetry I have reſerved for the lighter amuſements of my *grand climacteric.*

IN fine, books were my buſineſs, books my vacation, too. Inſomuch, that though I have lived moſt part of my life in the country, I never hunted, never fiſhed, never fowled; nor have I the leaſt knowledge, or pleaſure, in any one *ſquirely* ſport, or recreation. Like a fixed ſtar, I but *roſe,* and *ſet,* without changing *ſite.* I never mounted my horſe, or my legs, to *take a ride,* or *fetch a walk.* I ſtill moved from place to place, merely as buſineſs, or occaſion, ſummoned; and whenever I have had the convenience of a carriage, I uſed to appear, like a perſon leading to execution, reading all the way.

MEN are formed for exerciſe. Nature requires it. I have often experienced the unhappy effects of too

too ſedentary a life. I have frequently reſolved, but have never yet been able, to rouſe myſelf to action. I have, therefore, wiſhed a revival of the *peripatetic* philoſophy, and have envied Gulliver the *courſe* of ſtudy, he was obliged, *literally*, to *run through*, in the *Brobdingnag* library; where he uſed to read, at the rate of three or four miles, an hour. For I ſhould be well enough pleaſed to take a page, or two, of exerciſe, in a morning, now-and-then.

I MUST read---my ſenſe and imagination are too poor to entertain me. I envy thoſe ſuperior geni-us's, whoſe life is action, and vacation ſleep: whoſe ſelf-ſufficient talents are qualified to ſupport them, without the aid of books, *cujus fultura animus ſuſtinetur!* O, ſcience! thou firſt, thou laſt, thou chiefeſt good! thou virtue, thou immortality, thou divinity!

IN the ſeveral difficulties, mortifications, and diſappointments, I have laboured under, through life, my only reſort has been to books; and the higher my uneaſineſs roſe, the ſeverer was the ſtudy that I ſtill applied, in order to alienate my whole attention *—totus in illis*. So that this very relief but more fatigued my mind; and might be compared to certain high cordials in phyſic, which inſenſibly weaken the conſtitution, while they are combating the diſtemper.

I THINK, and act, differently from other people, in many things, not from affectation, or untowardneſs; but partly from a genuine peculiarity of nature, though moſtly from an accidental caſt of ſelf-taught education. Of which peculiarity being conſcious, I avoid the appearances of, as much as poſſible, among ſtrangers, or ſuperiors.

I HAVE, therefore, generally choſen to live reſtired, that I might labour under the leſs reſtraint; ſo that none but intimate friends, perceive any manner of ſingularity in me; the reſt of the world, whom I happen, occaſionally to aſſociate with, taking

ing me to be tolerably ſtupid, but modeſt, becauſe I ſeldom ſpeak a word in a mixed company.

Some people, however, impute this reſerve, to pride. Perhaps, they are not much miſtaken.—— But it is ſuch a pride, as the moſt humble perſon may acknowledge. *Speech* is the peculiar privilege of human nature---*Prate* the mimickry of feathered brutes. I have, therefore, always deemed it a baſe proſtitution of that ſuperior faculty, to employ it for any purpoſes, except the offices of religion, the communication of knowledge, or the mutual exerciſe of friendly, and ſocial affections.

Thus ſhould I ever happen to become independent of the world, and conſequently, more indifferent about its opinion, this peculiarity of mine, may chance, hereafter, to appear in ſuch a light, as to occaſion the repute of madneſs, and, indulged to a certain degree, may, poſſibly, at length, arrive to it.

—— Sed et altera cauſa eſt,
Anxietas animi, continuuſque labor.

The *ruling paſſion* attends us, through every ſtage, and ſtate of life: and manifeſts itſelf ſtrongeſt, as the underſtanding decays——mine is *benevolence*, ſo warm, ſo extenſive, that it reſts not on individuals, but embraces all mankind. I ſhall rave of charity, and rage againſt oppreſſion. Nay, I have carried this charming enthuſiaſm, this μανικον παθος to ſuch an height, that I ſhould refer my hopes and wiſhes to another life, if it was for nothing more than this, that I have always thought this world too mean for my ambition, and all mankind inſufficient for my love.

But while I remain below, my deſires are fully comprehended in the following lines.

Stet quicunque volet, potens,
Aulæ culmine lubrico;
Me dulcis ſaturet quies;
Obſcuro poſitus loco,
Leni perfruar otio.
Nullis nota quiritibus,

Ætas,

Ætas, per tacitum, fluat.
Sic, cum tranſierint mei
Nullo cum ſtrepitu dies,
Plebeius moriar ſenex.
Illi mors gravis incubat,
Qui, notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur ſibi. SENECA.

Vive. Vale.

CHARLES SUTTON.

LETTER XLVII.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

I RECEIVED the memoir, and it has affected me extremely. That fine ſtruggle between philoſophy and misfortune, is apt to intereſt one for the perſon. It is a ſaying of *Antiſthenes*, reported by *Aurelius*, "that it is truly *royal*, to do good, "and bear reproach." This gentleman, I think, may cry *King I am*, as ſoon as ever he pleaſes.

THERE was no occaſion for the humorous caution he has given you, in his preface, that he had no *ſerious thoughts of running mad*, for one may eaſily perceive, that

————Nihilo plus agat,
Quam ſi det operam, ut cum ratione inſaniat.

THE ſcope of the writing is ſerious.---One's health, fortune, and ſenſes, are no light ſubjects, ---and yet, it is often lively. A poet would compare it to a *grey day*, interrupted frequently by flaſhes of *lightning*. There is a peculiarity in this manner of writing. The intermixing humour with ſerioufneſs, and wit with philoſophy, gives it the freedom and variety of converſation. The different ſtiles of the compoſition, too, preſent you with a change of characters, and add a dramatic ſpirit to the whole.

I SHOULD

I SHOULD be glad to ſee a novel wrote by your friend. He ſeems to be maſter of the true ſpirit, and turn, for ſuch a work. It is a ſickly thing to read ſuch wretched performances, ſuch *novels*, without *novelty*; tales, which, as Shakeſpear ſays,

End without audience, yet are never done;

as load the preſs, every day. I think that the author of *Triſtram Shandy* would have been admirable, in this way, if he had but taken a ſtory, or a fable; without which, as a centre, to compact the parts together, he will remain to poſterity, an heap of ſhining fragments only.

There is a great ſpirit of humanity, and a whimſical vein of humour, running throughout his works; but they are ſo tragi-comically joined, that this chapter moves you to tears, and the next, perhaps, ſets you a laughing. Nay, ridiculous images you will find, ſometimes, thrown into the very middle of a *pathos*. However, the principal part of the gaieté de cœur, that I object to, is not the humour, but the archneſs, of ſeveral paſſages, in his writings. And theſe obſervations have occaſioned a ridiculous ſtory to occur to my memory, here, that may not be unapplicable to this author.

ONE *Pere André*, an Italian prieſt, was remarkable for the moſt affecting powers in his *diſcourſes*. He was, therefore, ſelected by his ſuperiors, to preach, one day, upon occaſion of ſome general calamity, at Venice. His friends complimented him, upon ſo lucky an opportunity of diſplaying his talents.

HE happened to take a ſtrange whim, into his head, and laid them a wager, that he would make one half of his congregation weep, and the other laugh, the next Sunday, during his whole ſermon. Done.

HE placed his pulpit in the middle of the iſle, and exerted all his pathetic faculties, toward thoſe who ſtood before him, and let his ſhirt hang out behind, for the reſt. His *anterior* audience wept, and his *poſterior* one laughed. He won his wager.

I SEEM

I SEEM to have caught the infection, myſelf, my dear Medway, from the very author I am reprehending; for no perſon, I think, can poſſibly be in a more unfit diſpoſition for jeſting, than I happen to be, at preſent. But theſe natural wanderings of the mind, are moſt admirably contrived, by Providence, to prevent the ſad effects of preſſing griefs, or diſtreſſes, from ſinking too deeply, into the human heart. For when misfortunes are ſuffered to take intire poſſeſſion of the ſoul, melancholy is apt either to riſe to madneſs, or ſink into deſpondency. And, on this account, amuſement muſt ever be, for the unhappy, a ſafer remedy, than philoſophy.

LETTER XLVIII.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* BRUMPTON.

Bruſſels.

WHEN I had read the memoir I ſent you, laſt pacquet, and was complimenting Mr. Sutton with my ſentiments and feelings, upon the writing, and ſubjects of it, he interrupted me, after his quick manner, by obſerving that friendſhip, like wit, makes free with the *hyperbolé*, and that one muſt expect to find that *figure* exaggerated, where both theſe qualities happen to be exerted, upon the ſame ſubject. He then concluded the account of himſelf, in theſe words.

THE conſequence of the ſeveral *indiſcretions*, of my life, ſaid he, mentioned in the writing you have juſt read, with many others of the ſame ſtamp, which, I did not think proper to lengthen the detail with, had, at length, involved my poor, *unpatrimonied* fortune, in ſuch debts, and difficulties, that I was obliged to quit the kingdom, after having

ing firſt ſurrendered my intire effects into the hands of my creditors, there.

But the moſt remarkable of my *indiſcretions*, not yet hinted at, was, my having married the amiable woman, above ſtairs, without any fortune, merely becauſe ſhe had ſenſe, wit, literature, and virtue, and that we happened to fall in love, with each other, at the ſame time.

I, most ignorantly, it ſeems, concluded theſe to have been ſufficient reaſons, for doing a thing, which regarded none but ourſelves, irrelative to the reſt of the world: but was ſoon informed, by *deeper caſuiſts*, that *prudence* was a principle, ſuperior to all other conſiderations, the very *pantheon* of all human virtue. *Nullum numen abeſt*, &c.---ſo that, it ſeems, I might have rendered two perſons unhappy, for life, if I had had but one ounce of *diſcretion*.

My father diſinherited me upon this account. He could not do leſs, *for the world*. It is generally ſo. Whenever a child happens to injure itſelf, *the loving parent* immediately takes a hint, to injure it more. They begin by whipping an infant, for falling, and continue the ſame kind of tyranny, throughout. He lived to know her merits, and to approve my choice---Yet died, without abſolving my *indiſcretion*.

Old people, who have outlived both paſſion and ſentiment, are apt, moſt unreaſonably, to expect that precept ſhall have the ſame effect, upon thoſe who continue ſtill under the influence of both, that apathy, or dull experience has, at length, produced in themſelves. This is to adviſe others to go to bed, becauſe you yourſelf are ſleepy.

" *He (as all antique parents, wond'rous ſage!*
" *For youth project the inappetence of age;*
" *Each ſenſe endearing, and humane, deſpiſe,*
" *And on the mammon feaſt their down-caſt eyes) &c.*

When we quitted England, we came over here, on the invitation of an old rich maiden lady, who was aunt to my wife, and who dying, about five years

ago, bequeathed her a fortune ample enough, not only to repair the conſequences of my former *indiſcretions*, but to afford us the power of continuing, in ſome degree, *imprudent*, for the reſt of our lives.

HERE he ended, and ſo ſhall I, after having given you a ſhort character of the lady juſt mentioned, and not deſcribed before.

MRS. Sutton has all the delicacy, without the weakneſs of a female underſtanding. Her wit is truly antient; it conſiſts in *natural* but not obvious thoughts, expreſſed with elegance, and accuracy, rather than in the brilliant ſallies, or epigrammatic points, of modern converſation. She has digeſted a great deal of reading, without having loaded her memory, which is the reaſon that her ſenſe is of that kind, that is oftener *remembered*, than *remarked*. In a word, my idea of her, has brought theſe characteriſtic lines into my head, from ſome poet, whoſe name I have forgot.

" Her value does by long acquaintance riſe,
" Always ſecure to *pleaſe*, though not *ſurprize*."

THEIR manners toward each other, have given me a diſguſt to celibacy. It is ſuch as we may ſuppoſe Adam and Eve's to have been, before the fall, when there was but one man, and one woman, in the world. Their attentions, their politeneſs, even their gallantry, on both ſides, are ſo remarkable, that no one would imagine them to be huſband and wife, but from their retiring together, after ſupper, with only one candle between them.

Adieu.

T. M.

LETTER XLIX.

Mr. HARSTONGE, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

Aix la Chapelle.

WHAT do the fates intend with me! You left me in the happieſt ſituation, imaginable. What tranſport did I feel, in the fondneſs of my hopes, and oh! what an elevation of ſoul, was I ſenſible of, in the ſtedfaſt purpoſe I had framed in my mind, of rendering that amamiable woman happy, through the whole courſe of our lives! To have made her the chief object of my attentions, and intentions, both, the ſole ſource of my own happineſs; and to have preſerved an enlivening ſpirit of love, to our lateſt momens. Without which manners, and conduct, the *wine of marriage feaſts*, too frequently turns four; or, at beſt, but reverſes the miracle, becoming mere *water*, only.

INSPIRED with ſuch ſentiments as theſe, I thought that I had, at leaſt, deſerved ſucceſs; nay, even hoped that I might have challenged Providence, for my happineſs.——But alas! how vain the preſumption! I had, perhaps, made the lovely marchioneſs too much the principal object, of all my thoughts, my purpoſes, and adoration. I uſed, each morning, to ride out, and contemplate the happy ſcene of our firſt interview. The ſpot, whereon ſhe trod, was, by my enthuſiaſtic paſſion, conſecrated, in my mind, as an altar, at which ſhrine were all my oblations paid. At length, heaven, reſenting my impiety, has ſnatched her from my arms, and hopes, for ever.

Two days after the marquis had been buried, I ventured to ſend my reſpects and compliments to the marchioneſs, inquiring how ſhe did; to which I was anſwered, that ſhe received no meſſages. I had then the patience and decency to wait, a week longer, before I preſumed to make a ſecond overture, and then took the liberty of ſending a card, to inquire her health,

health, and to intreat the honour of being permitted to wait on her.——Her reply was, that ſhe did not yet intend to ſee any manner of company.

THIS reſerve and coyneſs ſunk my ſpirits, to the loweſt degreſs, but hope, ſtill flattering, ſaved me from deſpair. I directed the perſon whom I had firſt intruſted in this affair, to watch all her motions, and ſtrive to learn, from a ſervant of hers, whom he had contrived to contract an intimacy with, when ſhe intended to quit Aix; reſolving to purſue her ſtill, that when her generous concern for her huſband's death, ſhould have ſo far abated, as to ſuffer her to mix a little with the world, again, I might venture, once more, to appear before her, hoping, through love, conſtancy and aſſiduity, to conquer her coldneſs, and redeem my happineſs.

ALL the information I could receive, was that the lovely mourner ſpent her time quite retired, in her own apartment, paſſed the ſad hours in tears and prayer, and had not yet determined on her departure. But, this day, on returning from my uſual pilgrimage, my ſervant acquainted me, that the marchioneſs had quitted the town, this morning, privately, two hours before day.

I IMMEDIATELY flew to the hotel, where ſhe had lodged, and inquired whether the perſon who owned the houſe, could inform me whither ſhe had retired to, what route ſhe had taken, or in what province on the continent, the late marquis had uſually reſided?

BUT I could receive no manner of ſatisfaction, in any of theſe particulars. They knew not, till laſt night, late, when ſhe diſcharged the lodgings, that ſhe deſigned quitting *Aix*, nor were they able to inform me, through what quarter of the town, ſhe had proceeded on her journey; ſo cautiouſly, it ſeems, has ſhe concealed her flight:

So that I am left alone, to my own diſtraction, and deſpair. For does not ſuch a conduct make it ſufficiently appear, that the too lovely marchioneſs has moſt induſtriouſly fled from my ſolicitations? and

does not ſuch avoidance too ſeverely mark ſome pre-engagement of affections, elſewhere, which muſt, for ever, preclude my hopes, and happineſs?

UPON the firſt alarm of this unexpected misfortune, I felt as if my ſoul had, that inſtant, taken its flight, with her; nor ſhould I know, at preſent, that I have a heart within me, but from its pangs. O! why, my Medway, does not nature better preſerve her ſympathies! ſhould we not be ſo formed, as to view charms pre-engaged, as we regard pictures, or ſtatues ——admire their beauties, but not feel their power? or, at moſt, might they not warm to friendſhip, only, not inflame to love? Why ſhould an alienated heart be ſuffered to attract a fond and faithful one, rendering us miſerable for life, merely for our virtue?

I SHALL fly this ſcene, inſtantly.——I had almoſt ſaid, to follow her——But how direct my courſe! no matter——*my world is dead*——and I am reſolved to traverſe it round, like a ghoſt, haunting ſtill the ſpot, where its treaſure lies. The very ſearch, though vain, may, poſſibly, be ſome relief to my mind, and even the moſt diſtant hope is a ſolace in affliction. I am impatient to be certain, even of miſery; and certainty muſt either find a cure, in philoſophy, or an end, in deſpair.

Farewel——perhaps for life.

E. H.

LETTER L.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Miſs* DIXON.

MADAM,

SINCE I am, in perſon, denied the permiſſion of appearing before you, of kneeling at your feet, and expreſſing the ſincereſt concern, for having had the misfortune, even in my own defence, of being rendered the unhappy inſtrument of grief, or injury, to you, yet ſuffer, I beſeech you, this letter to obtrude

obtrude on your retirement, for a moment, while it pleads, ſilently and ſubmiſſively, before you.

You muſt, ſurely, be convinced, Madam, that though I take the liberty, now, of owning my envy at Mr. Armſtrong's happineſs, having loved you, before I knew of your engagements, I never once conceived the leaſt malevolence, againſt his perſon. His miſtake had afforded me a fair occaſion, for indulging ſuch a baſeneſs, when I evaded his challenge, and choſe my antagoniſt. Juſtice, honour, and a diſintereſted regard to you, Madam, required this meaſure from me.

Honour and Juſtice both, required the latter conflict, alſo; and a regard to you, had there been time for the reflection, I may venture to ſay, need not have ſtopped my hand, at that inſtant. A contract, without connection, impoſes no obligation, after its diſſolution; and even while it did ſubſiſt, Mr. Armſtrong had ſufficiently ſhewn, from his behaviour toward you, that he deemed that no manner of tie, after Sir John's letter had placed his intereſt, and his honour, in competition.

I feel myſelf hurt, while I am forced to urge this article; but let your candour, O my fair judge! conſider me not as accuſing him, but only pleading for myſelf. Your juſtice, then, muſt ſurely acquit me.——But I ſupplicate for more,——your pity muſt forgive me, alſo, and ſuffer me to dedicate the future purpoſes of that life, which I would freely ſacrifice for your happineſs, to your ſervice.

I am, Madam, with ſincerity, and ſubmiſſion,

Your moſt humble,
and obedient ſervant,
Richard Brumpton.

LETTER LI.

Mr. BRUMPTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

Caſtle Brumpton.

READ the incloſed letter.—Pity my diſtraction.—I am returned to Caſtle Brumpton.—I am ill.———Why are you not landed? I hope this may meet you, in England.———Come to me.———

Adieu.

R. B.

Miſs DIXON, *To Mr.* BRUMPTON.

SIR,

YOUR letter has doubled my misfortune. It has added your unhappineſs to mine. I have a compaſſion for your diſtreſs, as well as a feeling for my own. But we ought, we muſt ſubmit to, if not the *appointment*, at leaſt the *permiſſion*, of Providence.

THE eſteem I am ſenſible of, for your merits, has induced me to anſwer your letter, at a time, and in a ſituation of mind and circumſtance, moſt highly unfit and improper, for ſuch a taſk. But I thougnt it would be adding unkindneſs to neceſſity, ſhould I heſitate, one moment, to inform you, that your late misfortune has, for ever, placed an inſuperable bar, between us.

HOWEVER unfavourably the appearances of Mr. Armſtrong's conduct, toward me, might have been, and however juſtifiable your conflict with him, may have been, alſo, there were, though I muſt now confeſs my ſorrow for it, ſuch conſcientious obligations between us, that neither decency to the world, nor duty to his memory, not abſolved by his breach, can ever permit any further addreſſes, from the unfortunate

fortunate Mr. Brumpton, to be received, by the equally unhappy

MARIA DIXON.

LETTER LII.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Medway Fort.

I FELT myſelf unhappy at being ſeparated from you. The ſympathies of love, and friendſhip, are ſome of the occult attractions of nature, which make us, as the ingenious Dr. Goldſmith ſays, in his *Traveller*,

" Drag, at each remove, a lengthening chain."

HOWEVER, this generous concern happened ſoon to be exchanged for a more ſelfiſh one; for we met with a ſtorm, at ſea, which did not alarm me, at firſt. I viewed the countenances of the mariners, and while they appeared to be free from apprehenſion, I continued to be ſo, too. But when they ſeemed to deſpond, my fear then commenced. It is a ſhocking circumſtance to be involved in ſuch a ſituation, where activity can do no ſervice, nor bravery defy the danger. *Illi robur, & æs triplex, &c.*

BUT the paſſengers got all of us ſafe on ſhore, notwithſtanding our ſhipwreck; for the veſſel was ſtranded, and ſo much damaged, that it is rendered unfit for ſervice. We relieved the poor captain's diſtreſs, as far as we could, by a large ſubſcription among us. Charity and benevolence are natural, upon an eſcape from any preſſing evil; and we thought this a better method of thanking Providence, than the *hanging up our votive garments.*

As ſoon as I reached home, the more liberal feelings of my heart, ſoon met with a proper object, to exerciſe themſelves upon, on receiving the incloſed

letter. Poor Brumpton, and unfortunate Dixon! lament their misfortunes, and fear they are irretrievable; for I muſt confeſs, that there is a difficulty, in the ſituation af the *equally unhappy Dixon*, as ſhe movingly ſtiles herſelf, that I fear her delicacy may never ſuffer her to get the better of.

I HOPE, however, that ſhe may not be deemed to be the cauſe, though an innocent one, of a third man's death. Like the unfortunate woman in ſcripture, of whom it is aſked, *in heaven, whoſe wife ſhall ſhe be?*

I SHALL ſet out, to-morrow, for Caſtle Brumpton, to viſit and comfort my afflicted friend. In the mean time, I feel a certain ſolace, in writing to you. I was pleaſed with an obſervation, I met with, ſomewhere, lately.——"Writing relieves abſence. "——It is an extraordinary thing, that the "very action, which marks it moſt, ſhould make us "feel it leaſt*."

Adieu.

T. M.

LETTER LIII.

Mr. SUTTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

Dear MEDWAY,

I RECEIVED your letter, with the incloſed, and it affected me, extremely, on account of your unhappy friend, Mr. Brumpton's ſituation. My concern, however, was ſoon diverted, though increaſed, to another object, by the arrival, of the *equally unfortunate* Harſtonge, who came here, this morning, in the higheſt diſtreſs, and diſtraction.

A YOUNG man of ſtrong paſſions, with generous ſentiments, is a noble object of human nature. Void of the latter, he is but a brute, and unſpirited with

* Series of letters, between Henry and Frances.

the

the former, but a ſtoic———Neither of them are men. But this choice compoſition of Providence, forms that truly charming character, of a rational creature.

He has now entered upon a purſuit, after the fair fugitive, through the whole Continent, without being in poſſeſſion of chart, or compaſs, to direct his courſe. I ſincerely hope, that his ſearch may prove vain; for ſhould he happen to overtake her, the end of his labour, I fear, muſt be fruitleſs.

I have endeavoured to perſuade him, againſt it ——— "But bid phyſicians preach our veins to "temper;" for reaſon is but the *after-thought* of youth; *et ſemel inſanavimus omnes* muſt be his excuſe. Beſides, I am, myſelf, no proper perſon, to adviſe———My life having ever been governed, by paſſion, or ſentiment, only. And are not moſt peoples ſo? The good, by the good affections, the bad, by the bad ones; and the bulk of mankind, by a mixture of both.

What becomes of reaſon, then? It is a fine property, to boaſt of, which oftener, as Pope complains, gives us *rules*, than *helps*. It is an high prerogative, a charming contemplation, and a flattering faculty, of the mind. But, after all theſe pompous titles, it affords us the *judicial*, only, not the *executive* power, over our actions. It is a ſkilful *pilot*, indeed; but principle, confirmed by habit, muſt be the *rudder* of our courſe.

He has communicated a letter to me, which comprehends the *ſummum malum*, of his misfortune; and has given me permiſſion to ſend you a copy of it, which I do incloſed. This has afforded me an opportunity of writing to you, at preſent; but as it would not be proper to leave him long alone, I ſhall return to him, as ſoon as I have made my acknowledgments, for the favourable regards, your letter ſeems to expreſs toward me, and to ſubſcribe myſelf, but without the ſame *partiality*, my dear Medway's bereſt friend, and affectionate humble ſervant.

Charles Sutton.

The

The Marchioneſs D'ETOILE, *To Mr.* HARSTONGE.

SIR,

I PRIVATELY quitted *Aix*, not to fly from you, but to ſhun your ſolicitations. The favourable opinion I have conceived of you, requires me to yield you the juſtice, of this diſtinction; and a proper regard to my own character, calls upon me, at the ſame time, to vindicate myſelf, from the imputation of coquetry, or caprice, which might, otherwiſe, appear, in my conduct, after ſuch a declaration.

I AM derived from the younger branch, of a noble family, in France, the name of which I do not think proper to mention, here, as I mean to keep myſelf intirely concealed. I had been educated, agreeably to my rank, but above my fortune; as my father's income aroſe, ſolely, out of ſome honourable poſts, which he held under the government. He happened to die, when I was about ſixteen years of age, leaving my dear mother, a younger ſiſter, and me, deſtitute of every ſupport, in life; except the irkſome, and precarious dependence, upon rich, indeed, but proud, and inſolent relations.

IN this ſituation, the late marquis D'Etoile, ſoon after, happened to become acquainted with us, by viſiting at a female *friend*'s houſe, not a *relation*, who had generouſly afforded us an aſylum, from indigence, and contempt, or danger, the two frequent aſſociates of it. The marquis, meerly from natural curioſity, made ſome inquiries, about us, our friend candidly related our ſtory, and he was affected at it.

COMPASSION, in a benevolent mind, is naturally apt to exceed into a warmer kind of affection, if there ſhould happen to be any of thoſe merits, in the object of it, which may intitle it to ſuch a ſenſation. Such ſort of affections are the moſt permanent, generally, becauſe that ſentiment firſt inſpires the paſſion,

ſion, which reciprocally ſtrengthen and confirm each other.

THE marquis came to the lady, one day, and told her, that the difficulties of our unhappy, and deſerving family, he was pleaſed to add, had firſt moved his mind to a purpoſe of offering the moſt ample proviſion, for our maintenance and ſupport, meerly as a parent, or a friend. But that, upon conſidering the delicacy and decorum, which ought to be preſerved toward our characters, which even his age might not be able to exempt, from the calumny and ſlander of the world, he came, then, to make an offer, of ſharing his fortune, and titles, with me, and to invite my mother and ſiſter, at the ſame time, to live with him, as at home.

UPON receiving ſuch a propoſal, from our friend, we had not, nor could we have had, any manner of objection to it; for I, who was the principal party concerned in it, had not conceived the leaſt particular attachment, or pre-engagement of affections, in preference of any other perſon; and happened to have, even at thoſe years, ſufficient knowledge of the world, to dread that the circumſtances of an high education, with low means to ſuſtain it, might be a dangerous criſis, in a young woman's life.

WE accepted the generous offer of the marquis, and I was, ſoon after, rendered happy, and independent of every thing, except my duty, and obligations to him. We lived together, for about two years, in that happy union of affection, which is formed, and mutually cemented, by fondneſs, on one ſide, and gratitude on the other. His liberal confidence in me was flattering, and binding, and a juſt ſenſe of his merits and kindneſs, governed my general conduct, and inſpired my particular behaviour, toward him.

DURING the uninterruption of this bleſſed ſtate, and union, my dear mother was taken ill, of a fever. She languiſhed, for ſome days, and expired in my arms, about ſix months ago. This irremediable loſs had ſuch an effect on my health, and ſpirits, that my kind, and ever attentive huſband thought it neceſſary

to

to take me a tour of diſſipation, through the moſt remarkable towns and cities, upon the Continent, in order to amuſe, and relieve my grief; which happened to lead us, finally, to *Aix*, where I had the misfortune, of firſt meeting you.

SUCH a minute detail of my life, may, perhaps, appear to be a meer romantic novel, to you, in which you may think that you have no manner of concern; but I imagined the recital of it, to be a duty, I owed to the character, and memory, of my dear huſband, as well as a juſtification of myſelf, with regard to the circumſtances, which remain yet to be related.

WHEN the marquis happened to be ſeized with his laſt illneſs, the phyſicians pronounced it to be a fever, on his ſpirits, only, as it ſeemed more to affect his mind, than body. His manners were naturally chearful, but he would, at that time, appear frequently thoughtful, ſigh often, catch me by the hand, gaze on me with fondneſs, and ſometimes burſt into tears.

I DID every thing, I ſaid every thing, that was in my power, to re-aſſure him, and he would often ſmile, and appear chearful, upon theſe occaſions; but theſe happy intervals were ſhort, and he would then recur to ſighs, ſilence, and tears, again.

THESE ſymptoms rendered me almoſt diſtracted. He appeared to ſuffer under the weight of ſome particular grief preſſing on his mind. I could not conceive of what nature it might be, and my reſpect for him, with want of reſolution in myſelf, prevented me from being able to importune the queſtion.

THE morning of the day he died, he became, at length, ſo communicative of his uneaſineſs to me, that he opened his mind freely, on the ſubject. Upon that occaſion, he told me the following diſtreſſing ſtory. That his ſteward had, a ſhort time before he fell ill, informed him, in confidence, that I had received a letter, from you, Sir, delivered with great circumſpection, and which he was likewiſe told had been anſwered, by me, after the ſame clandeſtine manner.

He ſaid, that his confeſſion had been wrung from the ſervant who delivered me the letter, and had been principally appointed to attend on me, by the ſteward's challenging him, in a peremptory manner, upon ſome unguarded expreſſions he had been overheard to have dropt, one day, alluding to this connivance.

He was ſo generous as to aſſure me, at the ſame time, that he thought he had formed ſo well grounded a confidence, in my fidelity, that he imagined this diſcovery had rather ſurprized, than alarmed him. "But," added he, "I ſoon began to find out the "error of this preſumption, by the immediate effects "theſe hints had produced, upon my ſpirits firſt, and "then upon my health; which ſunk totally under "the laſt information I received, lately, continued he, "from the ſame perſon, that Mr. Harſtonge had "again returned to Aix, privately, and kept himſelf "concealed at his hotel."

The ſhock I felt, upon this recital, is not to be imagined. I thought I ſhould have expired, on the inſtant, but trembled not ſo much for my life, as for my ſenſes, which I feared were, juſt then going to take their flight. I had no means, in my power, to acquit myſelf; I had deſtroyed your fatal letter, and had not retained any copy of my own, which might have juſtified my innocence.

I threw myſelf on my knees before him, acknowledged the facts, except your having returned, which I had known nothing of before, related the ſubſtance of both the letters, as well as I could recollect them, and intreated that you might be ſent for, as it was poſſible you might have preſerved my letter, at leaſt, if not a copy of your own; or that, if theſe evidences could not be produced, you might declare, upon oath, the truth and ſincerity of my aſſertion.

He ſtooped down, raiſed me up, and taking me in his arms, begged that I would endeavour to calm my emotion, and not further diſturb him, in his laſt moments; aſſuring me that the ſacramental teſt, of all mankind,

mankind, could not add greater certainty, to the opinion he had conceived, of my ſingle affirmation; adding, that if he had needed a ſatisfaction, of any other kind, he had both honour, and ſpirit ſufficient, even yet remaining, to exact it, in another manner.

In a few hours after, the *viaticum* was brought in, and adminiſtered to him; which I alſo received, at the ſame time. Then falling on my knees, by his bedſide, in the preſence of the confeſſor, made a ſolemn proteſtation and vow, atteſting the ſacred pledge, juſt before given, of my ſincerity, that who had rendered him unhappy, in his life, ſhould never triumph over him, in his grave.

Thus did I, I confeſs it, through an enthuſiaſm of gratitude and honour, make a ſacrifice of the future happineſs, of my own life, to qualify the few remaining moments, of his. He preſſed my hand—We parted—'Till death ſhall unite us again.

Adieu to you alſo, *for ever*.

Arabella D'Etoile.

LETTER LIV.

Mr. Sutton, *To Sir* Thomas Medway.

Mr. Harſtonge quitted me, this morning, to enter upon his wanderings. He promiſed to write conſtantly to me, from all his ſtages, and give me a journal of his time, and tour. Whatever I hear, either from, or of him, I ſhall communicate to you, and you will be ſo kind, I hope, to afford me frequent accounts, both of yourſelf, and my new adopted friend, Mr. Brumpton.

I pity

I PITY both of our friends, extremely. I can foreſee no manner of redreſs for them, even in hope. They labour, each of them, under ſuch nice difficulties, that as they both ſeem to have delicacy, as well as paſſion, they cannot even wiſh to be extricated from. This would ſink the fair unhappy objects, too much, in their eſteem. They have, therefore, no way now left for their relief, but by endeavouring to conſider the ill-fated fair ones, as their own ſiſters, whom they might have happened to have become enamoured of, before the relationſhip had been diſcovered.

THUS, from the ſentiment of one of the ladies, and the conſcience of the other, a mutual concord between the parties, may, probably, never obtain. But, ſurely, neither of theſe ſcruples, need, even in delicacy, or decency, condemn three of them to languiſh away their lives, in barren celibacy, or the fourth to pine for ever, in the forlorn ſtate of fruitleſs widowhood. They may, ſeparately, both male and female, enter into new connections, without offence to ſcruple, or to delicacy.

AND yet, there is ſomething, in this ſcheme, which hurts my own ſentiment, even while I am recommending it to practice. *Beyond the fixed, and ſettled rules*, &c. But then, again, the idea does not offend me, quite ſo much, upon reflection, and accommodation.

SUPPOSE now, for inſtance, that Brumpton ſhould wed the marchioneſs, and Harſtonge give his hand to Miſs Dixon. The refinement of ſentiment, among all the parties, may be equal to the inſuperable obſtacle of conſanguinity, already ſuppoſed. And ſuch a friendly, accommodating, and generous compact in ſuch extraordinary circumſtances, might, nay probably would, be productive of the moſt permanent, though, perhaps, the moſt uncommon happineſs, and ſituation, in life. Each ſide would then double their attention, toward each other, to ſtifle the jealouſy of former paſſion; and honour, principle, and eſteem, might, poſſibly, be able to preſerve their union more conſtant, becauſe more equal, and undiſturbed,

undiſturbed, than even mutual paſſion and affection, could inſure.

EXTRAORDINARY caſes require extraordinary caſuiſtry——Let this be my excuſe, while I am endeavouring thus to relieve the weight of my ſenſations, by the lightneſs of my ſentiments, upon this truly diſtreſſing occaſion. This is the way I uſed always to amuſe and relieve the pains and penalties, I have myſelf ſuſtained in life. I exerciſe no philoſophy upon other's ills, which I have not exerted, upon my own.

BUT all that the higheſt philoſophy can do, is but to *reaſon*, for others; for after all that can be ſaid, they muſt be left to *feel*, for themſelves. The ſtoic, who would preſume to guide the impulſes of the human heart, muſt firſt ſnatch the power of creation, from the hands of Omnipotence, and temper the ſprings of our emotions, in the forges of mechaniſm.

MRS. Sutton ſalutes you, and prays for a ſolution of this *Gordian Knot*, which binds our friends ſo faſt in fate.

Adieu.

C. S.

LETTER LV.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Caſtle Brumpton.

I RECEIVED your letter, here, and cannot pay you an higher compliment, upon it, than by telling you that it made me ſmile, in my preſent ſituation, even in the midſt of grief. You put me in mind of honeſt *Poltis*, king of Thrace, who offered to accommodate the ſtrife, between Paris and Menelaus, by ſome ſuch expedient as yours *.

WHEN

* Now, I have two right honeſt wives,
For whoſe poſſeſſion no man ſtrives;

One

When I arrived here, I found my dear friend had taken to his bed, and the phyſicians have not yet been able to agree, about the nature of his diſorder; therefore, they reſt it under the general term, of a fever, till it may explain itſelf, by farther ſymptoms. So that, probably, by the time that a perſon is paſt cure, they may be able to *gueſs*, at his malady; or, at the worſt, they can certainly pronounce it, after he is dead.

But, to ſpeak more ſeriouſly, and candidly too, a phyſician has generally a very difficult taſk to perform, in all his preſcriptions, for human ails. Farriers may be able to promiſe themſelves much ſurer ſucceſs. Their patients are more uniform ſubjects, of ſurgery, or medicine; as their diet, their exerciſe, their paſſions, their general manner of life, being the ſame, and all their affections reſting in ſenſation, only, the ſame temperament of blood, and diſpoſition of humours, may be depended upon.

But, in man, the deſires and appetites of the body, ſo often lay hold of the mind, and complicated paſſions make ſuch havock, in the finer parts of the human frame, that diſorders, frequently, not mortal in themſelves, have been charged as *principals*, in death, to which they were only *acceſſaries*; having but joined the diſeaſe, they found already within.

Physicians, therefore, ſhould be philoſophers, alſo, and ought to ſtudy the anatomy, the various combinations of the mind, as well as thoſe of the body. They ſhould be both companions, and confidents, to their patients, in order to know, not only their general courſe of life, but their deſires, their affections, their ſolicitudes.

If, added to theſe characters, they ſhould happen to be divines, alſo, the phyſician would, then, and not before, be complete. For it muſt be in vain to

> One to *Atrides* will I ſend,
> The other to my Trojan friend.
>
> Prior.

think

think of tempering the action of the blood, till the paſſions of the mind, ſhall have firſt been moderated. Do *Galen*, or *Hippocrates* ſay any thing, upon this ſubject?

I CAME hither, yeſterday evening, juſt after the phyſicians had come out of Mr. Brumpton's chamber, and I would not ſuffer my arrival to be declared, laſt night, leſt his emotion might have interrupted the operation, of his reſt, or medicines. I ſhall wait alſo, this morning, till the doctors have viſited him, again, before I venture to go into his room, for fear that my appearance may occaſion ſome additional diſturbance, in his pulſe.

Adieu.

T. M.

LETTER LVI.

Mr. SUTTON, *To Sir* THOMAS MEDWAY.

I REALLY grieve, for the ſituation of poor Mr. Brumpton. I am glad you are with him; and yet, I fear for you, too. Perhaps neither your health, nor ſpirits, may be ſufficiently valid, to ſupport ſuch a ſcene, as you are, at preſent, involved in. I hope though, that you will have no father trial of them, than the fatigues of nurſe-tending, and the irkſomeneſs of confinement, may occaſion.

YOUR obſervation, about the difficulties, that phyſicians labour under, in the application of medicine, to the human body, is very juſt. And a reaſon may be drawn, from thence, that the ultimate *poſſe*, of the life of man, can never be truly aſcertained. For paſſions wear out the machine, even without the *acceſſaries* of diſeaſe, long before age itſelf might overwhelm it. But the extent of an horſe, or any other *irrational* animal's exiſtence, may, very nearly, be determined, upon a few experiments, were it worth

worth the while to take any pains, to ſatisfy ſo uſeleſs a curioſity. And, in truth, a reſearch, with regard to the other inſtance, too, could anſwer no better purpoſe, in life.

I CONFESS myſelf to be wholly illiterate, in your *Galen*'s, and *Hippocrate*'s, therefore I know not whether thoſe ſages have ever ſaid any thing, upon the ſubject you mention; but Shakeſpear ſeems to have concurred with your philoſophy, upon this head, by the queſtion that he makes Macbeth aſk the phyſician. "Say, canſt thou miniſter to minds diſ-"eaſed?" &c.

THERE have happened two extraordinary things, in this country, lately. I would not relate them, if they were *ſcandal*; but that is over with them. The count de Berac had ſued the marquis de Rivole, on account of an intrigue which he had been detected in, with his wife. The proof was full, and the count obtained a decree for a conſiderable ſum, by way of *damages*. He then applied to the court, for a divorce, which he immediately obtained, likewiſe. The day after, the marquis married the divorcée.

ANOTHER nobleman, in this neighbourhood, the marquis de Clermont, went through two ſimilar proceſſes, and with the ſame ſucceſs. A few days after, the marchioneſs publickly wedded the gallant—with this additional circumſtance——*Chartæ ſilent.*

Now, what occaſion was there, for all this formality, among ſuch intimate friends, and old acquaintance? Did they become, all on a ſudden, more ſcrupulous, about fornication, than they had been, before, about adultery?

Ac meretricios amores nuptiis conglutinas,

as Terence ſays.

BUT, to be more ſerious. Is not this granting privileges to licentiouſneſs, and making a mock of the civil and religious inſtitution of marriage? may not colluſions of this kind, become frequent, between married couples, whoſe vague minds, and unprincipled affections, ſhall have wandered after other objects? But the legiſlature ſhould firſt look to this matter——

ter——for private morals will ſeldom be reſtrained, where public ones permit a latitude.

Adieu.

C. S.

LETTER LVII.

Sir THOMAS MEDWAY, *To Mr.* SUTTON.

Caſtle Brumpton.

MY friend's diſorder has happily arrived to a criſis, at laſt, and declares itſelf to be the ſmall pox. The phyſicians tell me that it has all the favourable ſymptoms that can be deſired; and I endeavour to keep his mind as much diſingaged, as poſſible, by converſing with him merely about the common occurrences of life, avoiding to ſpeak upon any of the unfortunate incidents of his own ſtory, and reſtraining his diſcourſe, when he ſeems inclined to mention any particular, relative to them.

COULD I bring my mind to regard ſolely myſelf, I ſhould not remain here, one moment, after the nature of his diſtemper had been pronounced, as I never had this diſorder, myſelf. And, indeed, Mr. Brumpton has preſſed me, earneſtly, to quit the houſe, for that reaſon. But I cannot think of it. If it is a duty, *to viſit* the ſick, the injunction ſurely, muſt be more ſtrongly implied, *not to leave them*, in their maladies. Beſides which, methinks there is ſomething too effeminate, for the character of a man, to betray a fear, upon any of the general caſualties of life:

" Seeing that death, a neceſſary end,
" Will come, when it will come."

I AM, thank Providence, in a tolerable ſtate of health, at preſent, and the conſciouſneſs of acting agreeably to any of the obligations of humanity, naturally creates ſuch a confidence in the mind, as gives a ce-

a certain elaſticity to the conſtitution, which renders it able to reſiſt almoſt any diſtemper.

" Why drew Marſeilles' good biſhop purer breath,
" When nature ſincken'd, and each gale was death?"

Sir George Marriot, a friend, and neighbour of Mr. Brumpton's, and mentioned often in his memoirs, comes frequently to viſit us. He is a plain, rational young man, without much refinement, or knowledge, either of letters, or the world; but his characteriſticks are complacency, and good humour. However, a perſon of this deſcription, attaches us to them, more generally, than learning, wit, or ſenſe; becauſe ſuch a one may be every body's *friend*, without being any one's *rival*.

He introduced me, yeſterday, to the preſent rector of this pariſh, who reſides now, at *The Glebe*; which afforded me an opportuuity of ſeeing the romantic and fatal ſcene, of poor Brumpton's firſt interview with the fair, but ill-ſtarred Dixon. This filled me full of reflections. So many contingencies often happen to concur, in ſome events, that philoſophy cannot impute to ſimple chance, and which yet leave religion equally at a loſs, to account for the purpoſe of their deſtination.

When I entered the garden, methought the very notes, which Brumpton had ſo poetically deſcribed, were then thrilling in my ear; as if echo, that nymph of ſolitude, of love, and melancholy, had continued fondly ſtill repeating tones, at once ſo ſweet, and ſad.

" At length, a ſoft and ſolemn breathing ſound
" Roſe like a ſteam of rich diſtill'd perfumes,
" And ſtole upon the air; that even ſilence
" Was caught, e're ſhe was 'ware and wiſh'd ſhe
" might
" Deny her nature, and be never more,
" Still to be ſo diſplac'd."——

From thence, Mr. Norton led us into the church, and ſhewed us an elegant monument, that Miſs Dixon had erected, *To the memory of Sir William Aſhton, baronet.*

baronet.——Which is all the inſcription that was engraved on the marble. No motto would have been pertinent, that had not alluded to his character, to his repentance, or to the circumſtances of his death; any of which muſt have been, in the higheſt degree, improper. Even the date was not noted, nor was the dedicator's name inſerted.

In fine, the ſtone contained no hint, that might ſerve to keep the remembrance of the ſtory, alive, during the preſent times, nor any mark, to help the future ones to retrace the ignominious æra. There was a tenderneſs, a delicacy, a modeſty, in this grateful ſilence, which ſtruck, and charmed me.

Mr. Norton told us, that the morning after the monument had been fixed up, Miſs Dixon came to the Glebe, alone, and deſired him to give her prayers, privately, in the church; to which ſhe intreated him to add the ritual, or ſervice, for burying the dead. To this he readily complied, without ringing the bell, or ſummoning any other pariſhioner, except the clerk.

He ſaid, that ſhe was dreſſed in deep mourning, but not in weeds, prayed fervently, and wept much. After the ſervice, ſhe made him a preſent of twenty guineas, left an hundred more, for the poor of the pariſh, and returned back to London, immediately, from the church.

We have not ventured to mention any particular, relative to this circumſtance, to Mr. Brumpton, for the reaſons I have already given you, in the beginning of this letter. Both his body, and his mind are too tender, yet, for ſuch an experiment.

Adieu.

T. M.

P. S. No account, yet, from Mr. Harſtonge?

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.